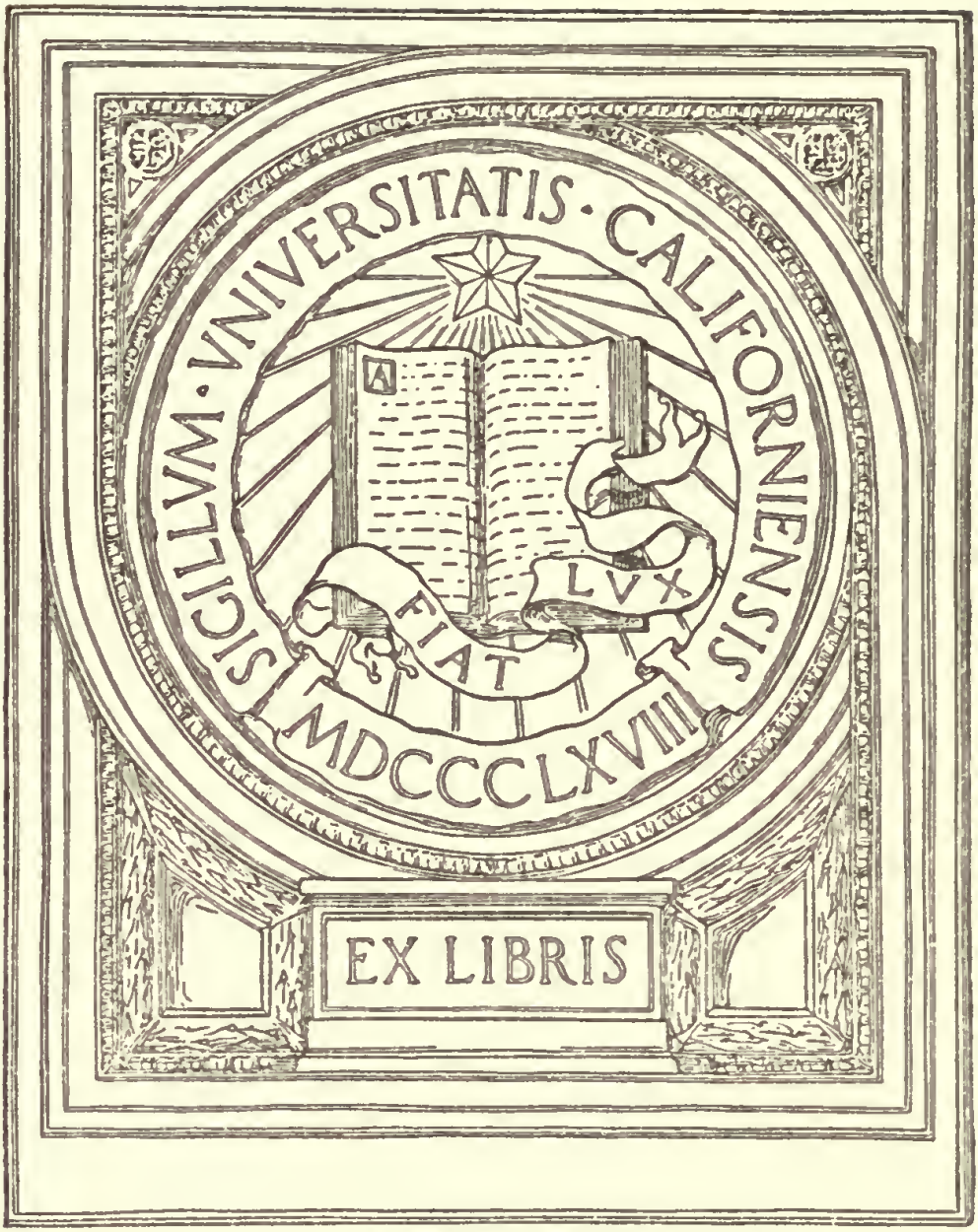
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Frontispiece
of the "OLD OAKEN
BUCKET"

Drawn by J.R.Smith. *Engraved by Peter Maverick.*

THE BUCKET.

How sweet from its green mossy brim to receive it,

As, poised on the curb it inclined to my lip!

MELODIES

Songs and Ballads,

by

S. WOODWORTH.

How much like her kisses, I thought.

NEW-YORK:

Entered according to act of Congress.

MELODIES,

DUETS, TRIOS, SONGS,

AND

BALLADS,

PASTORAL, AMATORY, SENTIMENTAL, PATRIOTIC, RELIGIOUS, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

TOGETHER WITH

METRICAL EPISTLES,

TALES AND RECITATIONS.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THIRD EDITION,

COMPRISING

MANY LATE PRODUCTIONS

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,

By Elliot & Palmer, 20 *William-st.*

1831.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the thirteenth day of November,
(L. S.) in the fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1826, SAMUEL WOODWORTH, of said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:

"Melodies, Duets, Trios, Songs, and Ballads, pastoral, amatory, patriotic, religious, and miscellaneous. Together with metrical epistles, tales and Recitations. By Samuel Woodworth.

"And thou, sweet Poesy, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly when sensual joys invade:
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my wo,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so."
Goldsmith.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors, of such copies, during the time therein mentioned."—And also to an Act, entitled, "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

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TO

GEORGE P. MORRIS, Esq.

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS FRIEND,

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

MELODIES.

I...PASTORAL AND AMATORY.

The Moon-beam.

*Music by J. H. Swindells.**

The moon-beam on the Hudson sleeps,
  While yon enamoured billow
Delighted to the stranger creeps,
  And makes his breast her pillow.
The rest, with dark and frowning mien,
  And jealous murmurs, languish,
While amorous zephyrs pass the scene,
  And sigh with kindred anguish.

So, when the fair PASTORA's smile
  Her favoured LUBIN blesses—
Who steals a kiss, and plays the while
  With her unbraided tresses—
The shepherds who have wooed in vain,
  In sorrow doom'd to languish,
Behold the happy envied swain,
  And sigh with jealous anguish.

* Composed for the Melo-drama of the Widow's Son.

Come to my Cot.

Air—Croos-keen Lawn.

I've a peaceful little cot,
In a charming rural spot,
Far removed from the town's busy hum,
Where neither strife nor noise
Can molest our placid joys,
O then hither to my cot will you come?
To my rural little cot will you come?
O haste, my dearest maid,
And enjoy the fragrant shade,
To my rural little cot will you come?

The honeysuckle there
With its odour fills the air,
And the fir lends its fragrant gum,
While on every verdant spray
Little songsters carol gay,
O then hither to my cot will you come?
To my rural little cot will you come?
O haste, my dearest maid, &c.

Thro' the garden, and the mead
Where the lambkins play and feed,
Swells the honey-bee's tuneful hum,
While the distant lowing kine,
With the waterfall, combine
To invite you to my cot—Will you come?

To my rural little cot will you come?
O haste, my dearest maid,
And enjoy the fragrant shade,
To my rural little cot will you come?

And when the evening's shade
Is extending o'er the glade,
And the woodpecker ceases to drum,
Then the pensive whipperwill,
From the forest or the hill,
Still invites you to my cot—Will you come?
To my rural little cot will you come?
O haste, my dearest maid, &c.

Dearest maiden, linger not,
Come and share my peaceful lot,
Far removed from the town's busy hum,
For if Eden seem'd a wild
Until lovely woman smiled,
O how can I be happy till you come?
To my rural little cot will you come?
Then haste, my dearest maid,
And enjoy the fragrant shade,
To my rural little cot will you come?

Whate'er the charms of mead or grove,
In nature's brightest colours drest,
Of all the flowers that bloom, I love
The modest primrose best.

The Milkmaid.

Music arranged by E. Riley.

When blushing Aurora first tinges the east,
Arousing the musical choirs of the wood,
Inviting the bees to a nectarous feast,
And the flocks to partake of their dew-sprinkled food
As blithe and as gay as the new-wakened day,
I rise and go tripping with milk-pail away,
And hark! the sweet lark, kindly perch'd on the spray
Responsively echoes my blithe roundelay.

The innocent plunder I draw from the kine
Is richly repaid in the fields where they roam,
And a second supply they will gladly resign,
When evening invites, and they lowing come home.
Then, cheerful and gay as the first smile of day,
Again will I trip it with milk-pail away;
And hark! the sweet lark, kindly perch'd on the spray
Responsively echoes my blithe roundelay.

Ye fair, who seek a splendid lot,
Behold content, a richer prize,
Within the humblest ploughman's cot,
That rank and pride despise.
In palace or cot, whatever your lot,
The farmer your table supplies.

The Village Clock.

*Music by Davies.**

The morn awakes, in blushes dress'd,
The lambs are all at play,
The blackbird quits his dewy nest,
And carols on the spray;
The milkmaid hails the rosy dawn,
The shepherd seeks his fleecy flock,
The woods resound to the hunter's horn,
All roused by the village clock.
Tick! tick!—tick! tick!—tick! tick!
All roused by the village clock.

The milky herd their stores resign,
And soon regain the mead,
Where cooling shades and streams combine
To cheer them while they feed.
When evening twilight veils the lawn,
Again the milkmaid trips away,
While woods resound to the distant horn,
At the closing hour of day.
Tick! tick!—tick! tick!—tick! tick!
At the closing hour of day.

No more pursue the city's fleeting toys,
But seek, in rural scenes, for calmer joys.

* As sung in the pastoral Opera of the Forest Rose.

Morn of May.

Music arranged by E. Riley.

Arise, my love—the sun appears
To gild the infant day,
His golden beam the landscape cheers,
And nature smiles amid her tears,
To greet the morn of May.

Arise, my love—the lilac blooms,
The blossom'd peach is gay,
The mead its flowery vest resumes,
And freights the zephyr with perfumes,
To cheer the morn of May.

O! then arise—'tis love invites,
Together let us stray;
Thy form, which every charm unites,
Shall lend a thousand new delights
To gild the morn of May.

Air—Cottage on the moor.

Let others for grandeur and opulence toil,
I'd share not their turbulent joys if I could,
The treasure I seek is affection's sweet smile,
In a neat little cottage that stands near a wood.

My Father's Farm.

*Music by Davies.**

Believe me, if there's aught on earth,
That can each grief disarm,
'Tis the sweet spot which gave me birth,
When smiling memory paints its worth,
It is my father's farm.
For every native rural charm
Adorns my father's farm.

Though fancy's flight may mock the blast
To seek some distant charm,
How soon her eyes are homeward cast!
She roves awhile, but lights, at last,
Upon my father's farm.
For every native rural charm
Adorns my father's farm.

And now relieved from day's turmoil,
Let festive pleasures fill each breast,
And no intruding sorrows spoil
The song and mirthful jest.
For lords of the soil, and fed by our toil,
American farmers are blest.

* As sung in the pastoral Opera of the Forest Rose.

The Bucket.

Air—The Flower of Dumblane

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail'd as a treasure,
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.

And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

Sweet Seclusion.

*Music by Davies.....Arranged as a Trio.**

Here, in scenes of sweet seclusion,
Far from bustling towns, we dwell,
While around, in rich profusion,
Autumn's yellow bounties swell.

There, the loaded fruit-trees, bending,
Strew with mellow gold the land;
Here, on high, from vines impending,
Purple clusters court the hand.

All the day, to recreate us,
Strains of music freight the breeze,
Healthful sports at eve await us,
What are city joys to these?

* As sung in the pastoral Opera of the Forest Rose.

The Watermelon.

Air—Away with contention.

'Twas noon, and the reapers reposed on the bank
Where our rural repast had been spread,
Beside us meandered the rill where we drank,
And the green willows waved overhead.
Lucinda, the queen of our rustical treat,
With smiles, like the season, auspicious,
Had rendered the scene and the banquet more sweet,
But, oh! the dessert was delicious!

A melon, the richest that loaded the vine,
The kind-hearted damsel had brought,
Its crimson core teem'd with the sweetest of wine,
"How much like her kisses!" I thought.
And I said, as its nectarous juices I quaff'd,
"How vain are the joys of the vicious!
No tropical fruit ever furnish'd a draught
So innocent, pure, and delicious.

In the seeds which embellish this red juicy core
An emblem of life we may view,
For human enjoyments are thus sprinkled o'er
With specks of an ebony hue.
But if we are wise to discard from the mind
Every thought and affection that's vicious,
Like the seed-speckled core of the melon, we'll find
Each innocent pleasure delicious."

The Cottage Lass.

*Music by Swindells.**

The cottage lass, the courtly dame,
The child of toil, and slave of fashion,
Alike disown the mystic flame,
Yet feed with sighs the tender passion.
Each heart, ere age its fervour chills,
Is doom'd by turns to throb and languish,
And prove the thousand nameless thrills
Of bashful love's delicious anguish.

But infant love attempts in vain
To fan the flame with gilded pinion,
And quickly bursts the heavy chain
That ties him down to wealth's dominion.
For ah! that flame but seldom lives
In breasts with gaudy splendour laden,
Nor yields them half the joy it gives
The bashful, blooming, cottage maiden.

Air—Cottage on the moor.

The fortune I crave, and I covet no more,
Is health, rural pleasures, apparel, and food,
The friend that I love, and the girl I adore,
In a neat little cottage that stands near a wood

* Composed for the Melo-drama of the Widow's Son.

Smile of Affection.

*Music by Davies.**

Is there a light whose effulgence can dry
The tear of affliction, and rapture restore?
'Tis the bright sunny ray of a love-beaming eye,
The smile of affection from one I adore.

I'd sigh not for grandeur, for fame, or for wealth,
But, thankful for little, would wish for no more,
If blest with a cottage, with friendship, and health,
And the smile of affection from one I adore.

Balm of the Heart.

When the mild star of evening invites to the bower,
Where music and mirth are to revel an hour,
Dismiss gloomy care, and bid sorrow depart,
For innocent mirth is the balm of the heart,

Every pleasure is fleeting, and hastens away,
The fairest blown rose is the first to decay;
Then taste of its fragrance before it depart,
For innocent mirth is the balm of the heart.

Quickly hasten then hither, ye youth and ye fair,
With eyes beaming pleasure, and hearts void of care;
Partake of the joys which our revels impart,
For innocent mirth is the balm of the heart.

* As sung in the pastoral Opera of the Forest Rose.

Pride of the Valley.

Air—O hie thee hame, Willie.

The pride of the valley is lovely young Ellen,
Who dwells in a cottage enshrined by a thicket,
Contentment and peace are the wealth of her dwelling,
And truth is the porter that waits at the wicket.
The zephyr that lingers on violet-down pinion,
With spring's blushing honours delighted to dally,
Ne'er breathed on a blossom in Flora's dominion,
So lovely as Ellen, the pride of the valley.

She's true to her friend, and she's kind to her mother,
Nor riches nor honours can tempt her from duty;
Content with her station she sighs for no other,
Tho' fortunes and titles have knelt to her beauty.
To me her affections and promise are plighted,
Our ages are equal, our tempers will tally;
Oh, moment of rapture! that sees me united
To lovely young Ellen, the pride of the valley.

While flocks and herds in safety feed,
The shepherd wakes his tuneful reed;
Or, leaning on his rustic crook,
Beneath the shade, beside a brook,
Carols the lazy hours away,
Till sylvan echoes catch the lay.

Dancing Gaily.

*Music by Davies.**

Sweet the hour, when, freed from labour,
Lads and lasses thus convene,
To the merry pipe and tabour,
Dancing gaily on the green.
To the merry pipe and tabour,
Dancing gaily, &c.

Nymphs, with all their native graces,
Swains with every charm to win,
Sprightly steps, and smiling faces,
Tell of happy hearts within.
Sweet the hour, when, freed from labour, &c.

Blest with plenty, here the farmer
Toils for those he loves alone,
While some pretty smiling charmer,
Like the land, is all his own.
Sweet the hour, when, freed from labour, &c.

Though a tear for prospects blighted,
May, at times, unbidden flow,
Yet the heart will bound delighted,
Where such kindred bosoms glow.
Sweet the hour, when, freed from labour, &c.

* Sung in the pastoral Opera of the Forest Rose.

Mary's Grave.

Air—Young Henry was as brave a youth.

Let those whose hearts have learn'd to glow
With love that ne'er can change or vary,
Permit one pitying tear to flow
O'er the cold grave of hapless Mary.

She loved, alas! a treacherous youth,
Who feign'd to love the artless fairy;
Too late she proved him void of truth,
And death relieved the hapless Mary.

No more she shines the queen of May,
Nor graces more the rustic dairy,
For ah! the spoiler bore away
The rifled sweets of hapless Mary.

O then, ye artless nymphs, beware!
In trusting faithless man, be wary,
And thus escape the fiend Despair,
That dug the grave of hapless Mary.

While slaves of ambition sell comfort for fame,
Be mine the applause of the wise and the good,
A conscience that daily acquits me of blame,
In a neat little cottage that stands near a wood.

The Adieu.

Air—The sun sets at night

O green was the poplar, when, under its shade,
I exchanged the soft vow with my shepherdess maid;
But winter soon blighted its sweet summer hue,
So hope faded when I bade Lilla adieu.

Be constant, I sighed, till thy Damon return,
For still this fond bosom for Lilla will burn;
My heart, like the compass, to love shall be true,
She wept, as I murmur'd—dear Lilla, adieu!

But doom'd was my Lilla another to bless,
And doom'd is her Damon to pine in distress;
Like leaves of the poplar, which tempests then strew,
My hopes were all scattered—so, Lilla, adieu!

The spring soon return'd, and the poplar was drest,
But peace had for ever forsaken my breast;
From the music of nature no comfort I drew,
For the birds and the streams murmur'd, Lilla, adieu!

When, torn by my sorrows, I bow to my doom,
Will a tear from my Lilla e'er fall on my tomb?
When the leaves on the poplar are blasted and few,
They'll sigh in the breeze, dearest Lilla, adieu!

Harlem Mary.

Air—Blue-eyed Mary.

They sing of blue-eyed Mary,
Who gathered flowers to sell,
But there's a sweeter fairy,
In Harlem's flowery dell;
Whose violets, pinks, and roses,
Display a richer bloom,
'Twere bliss to gain such posies,
And taste their rich perfume.

The violet's softest azure
Is swimming in her eye;
The rose's vermil treasure,
On either cheek we spy;
The fragrant pink's carnation,
Its nectar and perfume,
In sweetest combination,
Have dress'd her lips in bloom.

And she has learn'd to cherish
A never-fading flower;
When pinks and roses perish
'Twill still adorn her bower;
Its tints will never vary,
Its fragrance ne'er depart,
'Twill always bloom with Mary,
'Tis planted in her heart.

The Bashful Lover.

*Music by Davies.**

When bashful Lubin sought my hand,
My heart his suit approved,
But, feigning not to understand,
I listened still unmoved.
For dim, I thought, must burn that flame,
Which such a check could smother,
And sprightly girls are not to blame
To spurn a bashful lover.

Poor Lubin told a friend his case,
Who soon his fears allay'd,
And bade him wear a bolder face—
He listen'd, and obey'd.
Returning soon, with altered mien,
He might at once discover,
That sprightly girls, of gay sixteen,
Ne'er spurn a saucy lover.

In life's fair morn, when sunshine warm'd the scene,
And fairy hopes danced o'er the laughing green,
My infant muse essay'd the artless strain,
On Charles's bank, or Newton's verdant plain.

* As sung in the pastoral Opera of the Forest Rose.

Evening.

'Tis pleasant, when the world is still,
And evening's mantle shrouds the vale,
To hear the pensive whipperwill
Pour her deep notes along the dale;
While through the self-taught rustic's flute
Wild warblings wake upon the gale,
And from each thicket, marsh, and tree,
The cricket, frog, and katy-dee,
With various notes assist the glee,
Nor once through all the night are mute.

The streamlet murmurs o'er its bed,
The wanton zephyrs kiss its breast,
Bid the green bulrush bend its head,
And sigh thro' groves in verdure dress'd;
While Cynthia, from her silver horn,
Throws magic shades o'er evening's vest;
Sheds smiles upon the brow of night,
Not dazzling, like day's shower of light,
But soft as dew, which mocks the sight
Till seen to sparkle on the thorn.

Now sober Pomona has won
The frolicksome Flora's domains,
And the work the gay goddess begun,
The height of maturity gains.

I love to hear.

I love to hear the flute's sweet notes,
On zephyr's balmy pinion borne;
While soft the melting cadence floats,
And sighing echoes wake to mourn.
Stealing on the raptured ear,
At the closing hour of day,
Wildly warbling, sweet and clear,
Grateful as affection's tear,
Then in murmurs die away.

I love to hear, when blushing morn
First tips the clouds with rosy hue,
The new-waked lark salute the dawn,
His matin song of praise renew.
Singing as he skims the plain,
Or directs his flight above;
Waking all the tuneful train
To begin the sylvan strain,
Harmonizing every grove.

I love to hear, when mid-day heat
With listless languor fills the brain,
Deep in some shady, cool retreat,
The distant waterfall complain,
As it leaps the craggy mound,
Pouring down the rocky height,
Foaming o'er the pebbled ground,
While it sparkles on the sight.

But when with her, whose image dwells
Within my glowing breast, I stray,
The music more divinely swells,
The lark more sweetly tunes his lay;
While beneath the shade we rove,
Murmuring streamlets sooth the ear,
Thro' the calm sequestered grove,
Echo whispers only love—
Cupids only hover near.

Yes or No.

Air—Sweep Soot, Ho!

The groves their vernal sweets have lost,
No blossoms now perfume the gale,
The lawns are silvered o'er with frost,
And autumn lingers in the vale.
But do the seasons, as they roll,
Affect the heart with joy and wo?
Can autumn thus depress the soul:
Or spring elate it?—Yes, or no?

The grove again shall yield its shade,
And vernal sweets perfume the gale,
The modest violet deck the glade,
And richest verdure clothe the vale.
But will the flower of hope survive,
And gain from spring a brighter glow?
A smile, sweet maid, would bid it thrive,
Wilt thou bestow it?—Yes, or no?

The Tomb of Henry.

Composed by Phillips; also by Clifton; but originally adapted to the air of the Bay of Biscay.

Where Hudson's murmuring billows
Kiss Jersey's verdant shore,
Beneath those spreading willows
Sleeps Henry of the moor.
The pride of all the plain
Was Anna's chosen swain:
But Anna weeps, for Henry sleeps
Beneath the weeping willow tree.

They loved with pure affection,
Their artless souls were true;
The promising connexion
Their friends with rapture view,
And name the morn of May
Their happy wedding day.
But Anna weeps, for Henry sleeps
Beneath the weeping willow tree.

They hail the rising morrow,
Which dawns to see them blest;
But ah! ere eve, what sorrow
Fills Anna's lovely breast!
She sees the Hudson's wave
Become her Henry's grave;
And Anna weeps, for Henry sleeps
Beneath the weeping willow tree.

She tears her flowing tresses,
Invokes his parted breath,
And with her wild caresses
Invites him back from death;
But ah! her lip's warm kiss
Imparts no glow to his!
And Anna weeps, for Henry sleeps
Beneath the weeping willow tree.

She sees beneath the willow
Her lover laid to rest,
The earth his nuptial pillow,
And not her virgin breast.
Around his verdant tomb
The early daisies bloom;
There Anna weeps, there Henry sleeps
Beneath the weeping willow tree.

Variety.

The noblest talent love can claim,
Is never to appear the same;
For 'tis variety alone,
That props the urchin-tyrant's throne.
So do the seasons, as they range,
Afford new pleasure when they change:
The sweetest flower would cease to cheer,
Should fragrant spring bloom all the year.

Good Morning.

The blushing precursor of Phœbus expands
The crystalline portals of light;
And scatters the dew-dripping tints from her hands,
To crimson the mantle of night.
Sleep shakes his soft pinions and soars to the sky,
With rapture I greet my dear Jane,
Whose health-glowing visage and love-beaming eye,
Aurora but mimics in vain—
Good Morning.

Thy presence to me is the dawning of light,
And pleasure illumines my breast;
But, ah! in thy absence, morn changes to night—
Hope sinks like the star of the west.
Then let us, my fair one, the moments improve
Which morning allows us for bliss,
Let the new-risen day be devoted to love,
And, in earnest, accept of a kiss—
Good Morning.

When evening returns, and in slumber I lie,
Then fancy the scene shall retrace;
Shall light up anew the soft glance of thine eye,
And restore me thy blissful embrace.
And when thro' the lattice Aurora's tints play,
O fly to the arms of thy swain,
With him taste the sweets of the infantile day,
And hear him repeat, on the plain—
Good Morning.

Morning.

Aurora paints the orient skies with light,
With rosy pencil tinges every cloud,
Unfolds her gates upon the rear of night,
And strips the mountain of its sable shroud.

The conscious stars conceal their twinkling fires,
Night's waning empress turns more sickly pale,
Her votary the whizzing bat retires,
The owl suspends her harsh complaining tale.

The lark awakes and tunes his matin song,
And all the sylvan warblers join the theme,
The whistling ploughman drives his team along,
And sporting swans sail stately down the stream.

The peach-bloom in the breathing zephyr plays,
And shakes soft odours from its silken leaves;
The apple, too, a silver garb displays,
Whence morning's breath a rich perfume receives.

And see! the ocean sparkles on the sight,
What lovely hues upon its surface play;
The liquid mirror streams with dazzling light,
Reflected from the rising god of day.

Adieu, dull couch! for nature more can please,
While o'er her rich enamel'd breast I stray,
Inhaling sweets which freight the balmy breeze,
Stolen in kisses from the lips of May.

Harvest-Home.

Air—When poor, the spirits flag.

When mellow autumn yields
All her golden treasures,
Then those who dress'd the fields,
Partake of harvest pleasures.
This, lads, is harvest-home:
Those who labour daily,
Well know 'tis sweet to come,
And pass the evening gaily.
Then let each heart be light,
Here's no room for sorrow,
Joy holds her court to night,
Care may call to-morrow.

Now labour wipes his brow,
Rest and plenty wait him,
Barn, cellar, rick, and mow,
Are fill'd to recreate him.
Scythe, sickle, rake and hoe,
All are now suspended,
Like trophies in a row,
For future use intended.
Then let each heart be light,
Here's no room for sorrow,
Joy holds her court to-night,
Care may call to-morrow.

Now gay Pomona's store
Past exertions blesses;
Rich streams of nectar pour,
Sparkling from her presses.
Full goblets, steaming board,
Crown the farmer's labours,
These real bliss afford,
When shared by jovial neighbours.
Then let each heart beat light, &c.

Awake, my dear Jane.

Air—Sweet Home.

Thro' curtains of crimson and azure, my Jane,
Infant day, in its cradle, is smiling again;
Its eyelids are gem'd with the dew-drops of night,
Which glitter and sparkle like pearls in the light.
Jane! sweet Jane!—Awake, my dear Jane!

O list to the warblings that float on the air!
The gay feathered songsters are calling my fair!
The blackbird and robin, the linnet and jay,
All join with thy Sandy to call thee away.
Jane! sweet Jane!—Awake, my dear Jane!

The lads and the lasses are all on the green,
The shepherds have chosen my Jane for their queen,
The May-pole is rear'd, and the garlands are twined,
And a balm-breathing wreath is for Jenny design'd.
Jane! sweet Jane!—Awake, my dear Jane!

Loves she like me.

Air—Allen a Roon, or Robin Adair.

O say, my flattering heart,
  Loves she like me?
Is her's thy counterpart,
  Throbs it like thee?
Does she remember yet,
The spot where first we met,
Which I shall ne'er forget,
  Loves she like me?

Soft echoes still repeat,
  "Loves she like me?"
When on that mossy seat,
  Beneath the tree,
I wake my amorous lay,
While lambkins round me play,
And whispering zephyrs say,
  Loves she like me?

On her I think by day,
  Loves she like me?
With her in dreams I stray,
  O'er mead or lea.
My hopes of earthly bliss
Are all comprised in this,
To share her nuptial kiss,
  Loves she like me?

Does absence give her pain?
Loves she like me?
And does she thus arraign
Fortune's decree?
Does she my name repeat?
Will she with rapture greet
The hour that sees us meet?
Loves she like me?

Beside a Streamlet.

Beside a streamlet, where the whispering reeds
And fragrant flags upon its borders play,
Where down the valley it meandering leads,
My infant footsteps first were taught to stray.

The sylvan Muse enticed me to her cell,
My childish fingers wanton'd o'er her lyre,
And, pleased to hear the rustic numbers swell,
I fondly thought that others must admire.

So, as I grew, and learn'd to sweep the strings,
By art directed, though less sweetly wild,
I envied not the happiness of kings,
My lyre was bliss, and I a happy child.

With fond regret I left that calm retreat,
Diversified with meadows, groves, and hills,
Where nature's charms in sweet disorder meet,
With Charles's thousand tributary rills.

The Hay-Makers.

Air—The Braes of Balquhither.

It is sweet, love, to stray,
When the noon-tide is over,
Thro' the wind-rows of hay,
And the white-blossom'd clover;
Where each lass may partake
In the toil and the pleasure,
Keeping time, with the rake,
To the lark's tuneful measure
O 'tis sweet thus to stray,
When the noon-tide is over,
Thro' the wind-rows of hay,
And the white-blossom'd clover.

There the swains cut their paths
Thro' the sections assign'd them,
Leaving sweet-scented swaths
Swelling gaily behind them.
Tender childhood and age,
Sturdy manhood and beauty,
All with ardour engage
In so pleasing a duty.
O 'tis sweet thus to stray,
When the noon-tide is over,
Thro' the wind-rows of hay,
And the white-blossom'd clover.

As the billow of grass
O'er the meadow is driven,
By some rose-visaged lass
'Tis divided and riven,
When her swain lends his aid,
And the green hillock rises,
Then the half-willing maid
With a sly kiss surprises.
O 'tis sweet thus to stray,
When the noon-tide is over,
Thro' the wind-rows of hay,
And the white-blossom'd clover.

See the gay romping elves,
Now the sweet task is over,
All amusing themselves,
On the balm-breathing clover;
There the swain whispers love
To his heart's dearest treasure,
Who affects to reprove,
While her eyes beam with pleasure
O 'tis sweet thus to stray,
When the noon-tide is over,
Thro' the wind-rows of hay,
And the white-blossom'd clover.

How oft, reclined beside a babbling stream
I sang of love—a minstrel's sweetest dream,
And sang sincerely—for I felt the theme.

MELODIES.

II...AMATORY AND SENTIMENTAL.

A SMILE FROM THEE.

*Music by Davies.**

A smile from thee would banish pain,
And bid each doubt and sorrow flee,
I ask but this, once more to gain
A smile from thee.
I've sought thee long, with fruitless sighs,
And were my bright reward to be
A tender glance from those soft eyes,
'Twere heaven to me.
A smile from thee would banish pain, &c.

But ah! if doom'd no more to meet,
Whate'er my future fate may be,
This faithful heart will ever beat
With love for thee.
And when I close a life of pain,
The gloomy hour of death will be
An hour of bliss, if then I gain
A tear from thee.
A smile from thee would banish pain, &c

* As sung in the pastoral Opera of the Forest Rose.

THE WREATH OF LOVE.

Air—Lovely Nan.

Let Fame her wreath for others twine,
The fragrant wreath of love be mine,
With balm-distilling blossoms wove;
Let the shrill trumpet's hoarse alarms
Bid laurels grace the victor's arms,
Where havoc's blood-stain'd banners move;
Be mine to wake the softer notes
Where Acidalia's banner floats,
And weave the gentler wreath of love.

The balmy rose let stoics scorn,
Let squeamish mortals dread the thorn,
And fear the pleasing pain to prove;
I'll fearless bind it to my heart,
While every pang its thorns impart
The floweret's balsam shall remove;
For, sweetened by the nectared kiss,
'Tis pain that gives a zest to bliss,
And freshens still the wreath of love.

Give me contentment, peace, and health,
A moderate share of worldly wealth,
And friends such blessings to improve;
A heart to give when misery pleads,
To heal or bind each wound that bleeds,
And every mental pain remove;

But with these give—else all deny—
The fair for whom I breathe the sigh,
And wedlock be a wreath of love.

Connubial bliss, unknown to strife,
A faithful friend—a virtuous wife,
Be mine for many years to prove:
Our wishes one, within each breast
The dove of peace shall make her nest,
Nor ever from the ark remove;
Till call'd to heav'n, through ages there
Be ours the blissful lot to wear
A never-fading wreath of love.

THE MINIATURE.

*Music by Davies.**

That tranquil brow, and pensive eye,
Those parted lips of ruby die;
Each grace that life and reason give,
Is kindling here, and seems to live!
A playful smile illumes the cheek!
Those rubies move!—'twill speak!—'twill speak!

'Twas fancy all!—That senseless bone
Could ne'er be taught her dulcet tone:
No art can teach that eye to move,
Those ruby lips are dead to love.
Illusive dream!—too soon it flies,
The vision fades!—it dies!—it dies!

* As sung in the pastoral Opera of the Forest Rose.

PEACEFUL HOME.

*Music by Davies.**

The heart sustain'd by hope alone,
The pains of absence may endure,
But, ah! when even hope is flown,
Its sorrow has no cure.
'Tis then we sigh, where'er we roam,
For our maternal, peaceful home.

Tho' mourning like a mateless dove,
The languid heart be doom'd to beat,
It cannot, will not, cease to love,
It finds the pain so sweet;
Yet heaves a sigh, where'er we roam,
For our maternal, peaceful home.

THE BUDDING HOPES.

The budding hopes which hourly spring,
While Fancy's bower is young and green,
Too often perish ere they fling
Their viewless odours round the scene;
But, oh! there's one, which, planted here,
The heart's red current flows to cherish,
And should that blossom disappear,
The soil it springs from too must perish.

* As sung in the pastoral Opera of the Forest Rose.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

*A Polacca—Music by Davies.**

When infant Cupid ventured first
To spread his purple wing,
It chanced he stopp'd, to slake his thirst,
At the pierian spring;
When, rising from the crystal stream,
A monster caught his eye,
Poor Cupid started with a scream,
But strove in vain to fly.

To slay the little winged boy
The dæmon vainly strove,
His fangs could wound, but not destroy,
The son of peerless Jove.
He follows still—(they never part)
But vainly vents his ire;
Tho' jealous tortures wring the heart,
Yet ne'er can love expire.

There is a magic harp, whose dulcet tones
Æolus only has the skill to wake;
Which breathes at night its sweetly-sighing moans,
If no rude blast the soft enchantment break.
He comes, with fragrance on his lucid wings,
And fondly stoops to kiss the silken strings.

* As sung in the pastoral Opera of the Forest Rose.

MUSIC THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

Music arranged by E. Riley.

Yes, Love can discourse independent of eyes,
The pressure of hands, or the breathing of sighs;
Attend, then, its accents, and deign to approve,
For MUSIC, dear girl, is the language of love.

'Tis true that the eyes and the lips may impart
A counterfeit sentiment, tutor'd by art;
But nought can the pulses of sympathy move
Like MUSIC, for that is the language of love.

The tone of affection is framed in the soul,
'Tis spirit, unfettered by matter's control;
For what is the language of seraphs above,
But MUSIC?—and there 'tis the language of love.

Then doubt, dearest maiden, professions and sighs,
The glow of the hand, the expression of eyes;
But doubt not the soul's aspirations, which prove,
That MUSIC is still the true language of love.

My gentle Muse on Heliconia strays,
Or gaily sports in sweet Pierian bowers,
And, when descending to inspire my lays,
Her airy form is but the breath of flowers.

I LOVE ONLY THEE.

Air—Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.

Believe not the slanders that envy may frame,
  But confess, when the past you review,
That tho' malice may couple reproach with his name,
  Dear Mary, thy Edwin is true.
I will own that my heart flutters gaily, awhile,
  For every fair face that I see;
But tho' ever delighted with woman's sweet smile,
  I love, dearly love, only thee.

Repine not that festival joys may detain
  Thy lover awhile from thy arms;
For with each sparkling goblet he ventures to drain,
  He whispers a toast to thy charms.
I will own that, when friendship and evening invite,
  I join in such revels with glee;
But thy smile can alone give me perfect delight,
  For I love, dearly love, only thee.

While folly's shrine attracts the fair,
Blame not the beaux who worship there;
If gods for you took meaner shapes,
No wonder we descend to apes;
Let beauty smile on worth alone,
And fops and fools will not be known.

LOVE'S EYES.

Air—Roy's Wife.

Love's eyes are so enchanting,
Bright, smiling, soft, and granting,
Pulses play
At every ray,
And hearts at every glance are panting.
Before the beamy eye of morn,
We view the shades of night receding,
So tender glances banish scorn,
For who can frown while love is pleading?
Love's eyes are so enchanting, &c.

No bandage can those eyes conceal,
Tho' bards in fabled tales rehearse it;
For if he wore a mask of steel,
Affection's ardent gaze would pierce it.
Love's eyes are so enchanting, &c.

Beware, then, lest some artful elf
The infant's smiles and armour borrow,
To win a throb of joy for self,
And give his victim years of sorrow.
Love's eyes are so enchanting,
Bright, smiling, soft, and granting,
Pulses play
At every ray,
And hearts at every glance are panting.

LOVE AND VALOUR.

Air—While in camp my soldier lies.

Sounds of war were swelling wild,
Fearful notes the bugle blew;
Infant Love, a timid child,
Trembled at the *rat-tat-too.*
But inspired by Valour's breath,
Love with war familiar grew,
Fearless view'd the strife of death,
Smiled to hear the *rat-tat-too.*

Swift a shaft at Valour's heart
From the infant's bow-string flew;
Valour heeded not the dart,
List'ning to the *rat-tat-too.*
Yet that dart was tipp'd with red,
Ella's heart-blood lent the hue;
But in vain had Ella bled,
Valour loved the *rat-tat-too*

Through the camp the infant stray'd,
Hope receding now from view;
Secret griefs his sighs betray'd,
Mingling with the *rat-tat-too.*
Valour will not yield to Love,
Hope to Ella bids adieu;
Sad, desponding, widow'd dove,
Listless to the *rat-tat-too.*

LOVE'S LEGER.

Air—My ain kind dearie.

I own myself your *debtor*, love,
For 'tis to you my bliss I owe,
Then say if I'd not better, love,
Repay the *balance* kiss I owe?
In justice you'll receipt it, love,
And prove that you are true to me;
If I should then repeat it, love,
There'll be a balance due to me.

That little urchin Cupid, love,
The only *clerk* we keep, you know,
Is either blind or stupid, love,
And apt to fall asleep, you know.
'Tis best, then, thus to jog him, love,
And make him earn his pay, you know;
For, should we chide or flog him, love,
The boy might run away, you know.

The rogue possesses talents, love,
His pinions furnish *quills*, you know,
And when he strikes a *balance*, love,
He must inspect our *bills*, you know.
Then let us ne'er dispute, my love,
While Time enjoyment rifles so,
But take a kiss *to boot*, my love,
I cannot stand on trifles so.

Short reck'nings make long friends, my love,
Accounts should ne'er be *running* so,
Then let us make amends, my love,
For 'tis unpleasant *dunning* so.
Through life's allotted term, my love,
If thus we don't forget we owe,
When death dissolves the *firm*, my love,
We'll *pay* the only *debt* we owe.

A KISS.

Music by Davies.

Does Eliza remember, ere fashion had taught her
To lend the heart's impulse hypocrisy's guise,
How oft, in our plays, to my bosom I caught her,
And wonder'd a touch could so brighten the eyes?

Familiar to me is the sweet recollection,
I well can remember the thrill and the glow,
The flush and the smile that illumed her complexion,
Like the first ray of morning reflected on snow.

And I ask'd what it was that the senses thus raptured,
And bade through my pulses such ecstacies roll,
The charm which reflection bewildered and captured—
A KISS was the answer—it melted my soul.

TO SOMEBODY.

Music by Davies.

Oh I shall ne'er forget the spot
  Where smiles of joy were wont to greet me,
Where ardent hearts dissembled not,
  But bounded with delight to meet me.
Though rugged winter held his sway,
  And all without was cold and dreary,
Yet, warmed by beauty's melting ray,
  I thought the season bright and cheery.

But doom'd, alas! too soon to part,
  And wander far from love and beauty,
I felt a winter in my heart,
  And cheerless seem'd the path of duty.
I dragg'd along the heavy way
  A lengthen'd chain that made we weary,
While Hope refused one glimmering ray
  To light a scene so dark and dreary.

But see! at length stern winter flies,
  A brighter season glows before me,
The summer radiance of those eyes
  Shall yet to life and joy restore me.
Till then, let retrospection feed
  The flame which smiling hope should cherish,
For, oh! how this poor heart would bleed,
  Should thine permit that flame to perish.

THE GARLAND.

A Scotch Air.

I would a garland twine, my love,
But nature's flowers decay,
And ah! that brow of thine, my love,
Deserves a fadeless bay.
But song shall crown thee, listen!
And let those eyes of fire
With approbation glisten,
Thy minstrel to inspire.

'Tis not exterior charms, my love,
That faultless shape and face,
Those pearly polished arms, my love,
That air of witching grace—
But 'tis those mental treasures,
Which few, alas! can claim,
By which the poet measures
Thy beauty, wit, and fame.

Time dims the brightest eye, my love,
That form will lose its grace,
That cheek its vermil dye, my love,
And age will mark the face;
But virtue, love, and duty,
Retain immortal bloom,
Survive the wreck of beauty,
And decorate her tomb.

TO MY WIFE.

Air—Loudon's bonny woods and braes.

Nay, my all of joy that's left,
Droop not thus in gloom, Lydia;
Though each flower of hope be cleft,
Other buds will bloom, Lydia;
Never of the future borrow—
Though another storm of sorrow
Rifle every leaf to-morrow
From the thorny stem, Lydia,
Let us with unshaken mind,
Yield such toys, and be resign'd,
And, if nought but thorns we find,
Make a toy of them, Lydia.

Fortune must be blind indeed,
We mistake her powers, Lydia,
Else could love unheeded plead?
Faithful love, like ours, Lydia?
Let us, then, her gifts disdaining,
Without murmur, or complaining,
Or the will of Heaven arraigning,
Fix our hopes above, Lydia;
Though, while we are pilgrims here,
Poverty may press severe,
Yet we shall, through life, my dear,
Still be rich in love, Lydia.

Droop not, dearest—God is kind
When he seems severe, Lydia;
Blessings yet remain behind
Which we hold most dear, Lydia:
Innocence, the soul's best treasure,
Mutual faith, disdaining measure,
Love, and its appendant pleasure,
What can these destroy, Lydia?
These are ours—with these endued,
Nought should check our gratitude
To the source of every good
Mortals can enjoy, Lydia.

THE NOSEGAY.

Here the rose and lily, twining,
Her enchanting face bespeak;
For the sweetest hues, combining,
Decorate her lovely cheek.

In this blushing pink that deck'd her,
Glows an emblem of her lip,
Both distilling purest nectar,
Both inviting mine to sip.

In this violet I discover
Her sweet eye's cerulean hue,
Like the star of love, above her,
Sparkling in etherial blue.

THE SIGH.

A French Air.

Softly stealing from her breast
  Ere its lovely keeper knew,
  Forth a sigh emerging flew:
I received the trembling guest,
  Thrilling in my raptur'd ear,
Sinking on my heart to rest,
  With ecstatic throbbings dear.
Ah! dear Mary, luckless fair,
  You perceived its flight too late:
Guard such tell-tale rogues with care;
For the tidings which they bear
  Cast the colour of our fate.

Think you what it told my heart?
  'Twas the messenger of peace,
  Bidding every doubt to cease,
Every sorrow to depart;
  'Twas the olive-bearing dove
Guiding hope into the ark;
  'Twas the harbinger of love,
Flitting from that warm recess
  Where thy thoughts in secret dwell:
What thy lips would ne'er confess,
Though thy suppliant sure to bless,
  This sweet fugitive will tell.

Hark! it whispers to my heart—
"Hence with every servile fear;
Hope alone may revel here;
Doubt and cold distrust, depart.
Her's as it responsive heaves,
Shall confess the urchin's dart
Rapture with the anguish leaves."
Tell me not I dream of bliss,
If I do, still let me sleep,
Snatch me not from joy like this
The reality to miss;—
Never wake a wretch to weep.

I SIGH NOT FOR GLORY.

I sigh not for glory to dazzle the crowd,
I ask not for fortune to strut with the proud,
I covet no title of any degree,
Except, my dear Rosa, a title to thee.
But yet if the fates have unkindly ordain'd,
That these must be mine ere thy hand is obtain'd,
Inspir'd by the smiling young hopes which I cherish,
I'll ask them, and win them, dear Rosa, or perish.

Yes, love has its sorrows, but who would refuse 'em,
So mingled with rapture and joy?
What mortal the rose would discard from his bosom,
For fear that its thorns might annoy?

THE REPULSE.

Air—Maggie Lauder.

When first I sought my Lydia's love,
I talk'd of flames and rapture;
And with unceasing ardour strove
Her gentle heart to capture.
"I'll quit the world if I'm denied,"
I said without reflection;
"If you think best," the fair replied,
"I've not the least objection."

"Hard-hearted girl! for your embrace,
"To dastard fear a stranger,
"Arabia's desert sands I'll trace,
"And laugh at every danger;
"Or scale the Andes' steepest side,
"To merit your affection!"
"As you think best," she still replied,
"I've not the least objection."

"Can nothing move you?—is he doom'd
"To years of gloom and sorrow,
"Who fondly thought you would have bloom'd
"His lovely bride to-morrow?
"My family, with joy and pride,
"Expect the blest connexion."
"As you think best," she smiling cried,
"I've not the least objection."

GIVING AND RECEIVING.

Music by Swindells.

The suppliant departed, while gratitude's tear
In his joy-beaming eye was suspended;
My heart bounded light, for my Lydia was near,
Who thus the donation commended:

"The bosom which softens at Misery's wound,
And proffers the balsam to heal him,
With the glow of contentment must joyfully bound,
And such is the breast of my Selim."

"But which," I exclaim'd, as the fair one I press'd,
While her eye with affection was brighten'd,
"Receiver, or donor, which think you most blest?
Whose joy by the action most heightened?"

"The being, she answer'd, you saved from despair,
Who tastes, by the sudden reversion,
Of exquisite bliss a proportionate share,
To the depth of his recent immersion."

Her answer was sweeten'd with love's nectar'd kiss,
And my breast with the transport was heaving,
As I own'd, with a sigh, that tho' *giving* was bliss,
It was faint to the joy of *receiving*.

TO MARIA.

Awake again thy witching lyre,
  Its tones have slept too long;
But thy sweet touches, dear Maria,
Can call a spirit from the wire,
With eyes of light and lips of fire—
  O wake him into song.

Why should the sweetest gift of Jove
  In useless silence lie,
When thou canst make it speak and move,
To charm our grief, inspire our love,
And raise our thoughts to things above,
  Why, sweet Maria—why?

Why brood o'er past affliction's smart,
  With sad and tearful eye,
When thine is the bewitching art,
The sweetest rapture to impart,
And kindle joy in every heart,
Why, loved Maria—why?

Tho' parting was painful, the wound it inflicted
  Will soon be forgot in the glow of a kiss;
Tho' grief on the visage has oft been depicted,
  The tear shall soon glisten a tribute of bliss.

AND DID I UPBRAID YOU?

Air----And has she then fail'd in her truth?

And did I upbraid you, my love?
O pardon a fault I deplore;
For while you thus sweetly reprove,
I feel I can never doubt more.
No—no—no—I shall never doubt you more.

I own I suspected your truth,
And envied a rival's success;
For jealousy pictured a youth
Whom pity would prompt you to bless.
Whom pity—pity—pity would prompt you to bless.

And did I upbraid you, my love?
O pardon a fault I deplore;
For while you thus sweetly reprove,
I feel I can never doubt more.
No—no—no—I shall never doubt you more.

My doubts I now give to the wind,
For Mary is constant and fair,
Though lately I thought her unkind,
And gave myself up to despair.
Despair—despair---despair---and gave myself up, &c.

And did I upbraid you, my love?
O pardon a fault I deplore, &c

NATURE AND THE PASSIONS.

The stranger awoke, and with wonder survey'd
The unexplor'd regions on which she was thrown:
Rude Chaos the scene—and the infantile maid
Was Nature, just risen from sources unknown.

Her form, the fair abstract of Infinite thought,
The unblemish'd model of harmony moved;
Her accents the spirit of melody taught,
Her smile was celestial—and Heaven approved.

But scarce could the infant existence admire,
When hosts of rude demons encounter'd the child,
Revenge and rough Anger, with optics of fire,
And frenzy-struck Terror, shriek'd horribly wild.

Attended by Rapine, fell Murder appear'd,
Led onward by Avarice, Malice, and Hate;
Their snaky crests Envy and Jealousy rear'd,
As blood-stain'd Ambition tore laurels from fate.

This phalanx of fiends, with Despair in their train,
With scourges of scorpions the infant assail'd,
And pitiless heard the sweet stranger complain,
Deep deluged in sorrow which nothing avail'd.

Compassion beheld—and to regions above,
In the incense of sighs, her petition convey'd;
Infinity heard, and the answer was—LOVE,
Who came in the garb of an angel array'd.

Her presence made cruel Ambition depart,
  Hate, Murder, and Rapine, the goddess confess'd;
Her touch palsied Malice, and blunted his dart,
  And even lank Avarice opened his breast.

She spoke—and Revenge was subdued by the charm;
  She smil'd—and the scene was deserted by Fear;
She sigh'd—and pale Jealousy fled with alarm;
  She wept—and rough Anger dissolved in the tear.

Her magic the vulture transform'd to a dove,
  And Nature again was delighted and blest—
Thus each ruder passion is subject to Love,
  The genius that tempers and governs the rest.

I HAD A LYRE.

Air—Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon.

I had a lyre when hope was young,
  But 'twas the plaything of a child;
Of LOVE I then delighted sung,
  And swept its chords with transport wild.

But now its tones I cannot swell,
  Its spirit and its voice have fled,
That lyre is but a tuneless shell,
  For I have sold its chords for BREAD.

THE MEETING.

I saw them meet---the pangs of absence o'er,
And MEMORY holds a picture of the place:
'Twas at the threshold of her cottage door,
ELIZA met her husband's warm embrace.

How animated shone her eager eye,
Where joy's delicious tear suspended hung!
Her bosom heaved--but pleasure rais'd the sigh;
Her voice was mute---but bliss had seal'd her tongue.

Press'd in his arms, the chaste connubial kiss
Her ruby lips by turns received and gave;
Then, as ashamed of the excessive bliss,
Affection's blush she bids his bosom save.

But recollection whisper'd yet a joy
'Twas hers to give; and from the trance she starts,
Puts in his arms their little infant boy,
Love's precious pledge, that closer binds their hearts.

While round their sire the elder prattlers cling;
Beg for a kiss; their little tales recite;
Each emulous some trifling boon to bring,
And share their parents' unalloy'd delight.

Forgotten now is separation's smart,
Or but remember'd as the zest of joy;
Her smiles are sunshine to his gladden'd heart,
Which love-created fears no more annoy.

So, wrapp'd in night, the lonely pilgrim views
  Aurora, blushing, throw her veil aside;
And, fill'd with joy, his lighted path pursues,
  Whence erst bewildered he had wander'd wide.

And is it joy that fills *my* eye? I cried---
  Ah, no!---regret, that such was not my lot;
But yet to envy 'twas so near allied,
  I blush'd---and sighing, left the happy spot.

A DREAM.

A Polish Air.

O stay, sweet vision! lovely phantom, stay!
  And longer bless me with thy mimic show;
Ah! fade not thus to empty air away,
  And leave a wretch awake to real wo.

And did I dream? Oh! 'twas a dream so sweet,
  So full of bliss, that heaven had lost its charms;
And I embraced the dear delusive cheat,
  Then woke, and found despair within my arms.

Joy's sparkling goblet seems to overflow,
  Her banquet now with tempting sweets appears;
But, ah! I wake to quaff the cup of wo,
  Drink deep of grief, and feast upon my tears.

THE SMILE OF LOVE.

Air---Hail to the Chief.

Yes, there's a light whose effulgence can brighten
Grief's gloomy aspect with sparkles of joy,
Chase from the heart which its splendours enlighten
Each sombre care that presumes to annoy.
Pure are its rays, as the dawn's first reflection,
Grateful as sunbeams when tempests are o'er,
O 'tis the smile of an artless affection,
Beaming from eyes and a heart we adore.
Dark fate may vainly lower,
O'er hope's enamelled bower,
The smile of affection each cloud will remove,
That warm celestial ray melts cloudy care away,
Earth has no charm like the sweet smile of love.

While thro' this life's dusky vale we are straying,
Press'd by misfortune, and harass'd by fears,
Sighing o'er pictures of fancy, decaying—
Sprinkling our path-way with unheeded tears,
Be but the lustre of Love's radiations
Shed o'er the scene, and its terrors will cease,
Sighs will be changed into joy's aspirations,
Tears be converted to dew-drops of peace.
Bright beam of heavenly bliss!
Earth has no charm like this,
'Tis the reflection of light from above;
When first we feel the ray, how sweet the pulses play!
Earth has no charm like the sweet smile of love.

TO MISS M. H.

Air—As pensive I thought on my love.

I heard a sweet strain in the grove,
And listen'd with breathless delight:
"As pensive I thought on my love,
"The moon on the mountain shone bright."
When torn from the arms of her swain,
In circles of splendour to move,
Sweet FATIMA thus would complain,
As pensive she thought on her love.

A palace for her had no charms,
Unshared by the youth she adored;
But press'd in her loved SELIM's arms,
A cottage true bliss could afford.
Then should fickle Fortune ordain,
Your SELIM from hence to remove,
Will you, while you warble that strain,
Bestow a fond thought on your love?

Some seraph will waft me the sound,
And whisper the joy to my heart;
Though absence must cruelly wound,
I'll listen, forgetting its smart.
Then grant that such joy I may find,
Should fate ever tear me from thee;
For me let the strain be design'd—
Be FATIMA only to me.

HARRIET'S FAVORITE POEMS.

When I survey my Harriet's speaking face,
The smiles that light, the tears that fill her eyes,
The frown of anger, or the rose's grace,
I view the *Seasons* in succession rise.
When a glance of affection her optics impart,
The *Pleasures of Hope* are alive in my heart.

Lost in the theme, while bending o'er her lyre,
She wakes the tones which fascinate the soul,
I view the *Minstrel* that I most admire,
And list in rapture while her numbers roll.
When, absent, I yield to reflection's sweet power,
The *Pleasures of Memory* shorten the hour.

If she, with fondness, chide my ardent kiss,
And, with a soft'ning smile, forbearance ask,
Or bid me, with a frown, forego the bliss,
I bow submission, but neglect the *Task*.
For should she condemn me the bliss to forego,
In the *Grave* would I seek for an end of my wo.

When Fancy through her own creation strays,
To promised joy delighting still to cling,
From her alone, my glowing bosom says,
The *Pleasures of Imagination* spring.
But when Curiosity rises to vex,
Then *Paradise Lost* I impute to the sex.

I told her thus—when, in her snowy arms,
My yielding form the angel gently strain'd,
And I, bewilder'd with a maze of charms,
Sigh'd in her ear—'tis *Paradise Regain'd!*
Retired from elysium, the scene to retrace,
My *Night Thoughts* re-pictured the tender embrace.

TO MABELLA.

Air---The Braes o' Gleniffer.

The world is no longer the desert I deem'd it,
While clouds of affliction had veil'd it in gloom,
For the promise of Hope—though I lightly esteem'd it,
For once has been faithful, and dress'd it in bloom.
The eye of pure friendship is lighted to bless me,
And Love—O the truest of hearts is my own;
E'en Fame grows propitious, and deigns to caress me,
All smile on the minstrel, but Fortune alone.

Pure friendship—it beams from the eye of Mabella,
The angel of mercy, and daughter of song;
It lights up a zenith so brilliantly stellar,
I spurn the dull planet to which I belong.
But, ah! should a cloud rise again to obscure it,
Exhaled in the malice of Calumny's breath,
The sensitive pulse of my heart would endure it
A moment—and then find a refuge in death.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Air---Tweed Side.

Embark'd on the ocean of life,
I steer'd for the haven of bliss;
But thro' passion's tempestuous strife,
My reck'ning was ever A-MISS.
Near Pleasure's enchanted domain
I plunged in a whirlpool of care,
Encounter'd the breakers of pain,
And struck on the rocks of despair.

Afloat and refitted once more,
The chart of experience my guide,
Hope points to the far-distant shore,
Her smile bids the tempest subside.
No breakers or quicksands I fear,
While honour stands firm at the helm;
By the compass of reason I'll steer
To Joy's delectable realm.

Stern Virtue the port may blockade,
Yet Hymen will sanction my right,
And his torch, like a *pharos*, shall aid
To moor in the stream of delight.
Then, then, may the genius of love,
An eternal embargo declare,
I'll never evade it, by Jove!
Nor traffic in *contraband ware.*

THE GAMUT.

Air---Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.

The demon care constrain'd to smile,
When matchless Ida sings,
Repents that he my lyre should spoil,
And gives me back its strings;
So Orpheus' lay, (as poets dream'd)
With like resistless spell,
Subdu'd the Fates, and thus redeem'd
Eurydice from hell.

Once more I'll tune this shell so dear,
And stretch its wires again,
Till A awake with accents clear,
And breathing B complain.
The C shall sound serene and free,
The D with danger toy,
While fiery wild erratic E,
Shall light the torch of joy.

The F give love and feeling scope,
But G with grief shall wail,
For H, the aspirate of hope,
Comes not within the scale.
'Tis done!—my lyre shall wake again,
While lovely Ida sings,
For 'twas her sweet resistless strain
Redeem'd the minstrel's strings.

TO HARRIET.

Air---Kate of Aberdeen.

I own I chid the plaintive strain,
Nor wish'd the muse to weep;
But I recall a thought so vain,
If Harriet's lyre must sleep.
What though its tones are sorrow's sighs,
'Tis bliss those tones to hear;
And should they drown the listener's eyes,
They still would charm his ear.

Then, Harriet, tune thy "simple lyre,"
And sing of blessings fled,
While such extatic joys its wire
On other hearts can shed.
Yes, still with sorrow's lay alarm,
Be Penserosa still,
For if thy tones of grief thus charm,
Thy notes of joy would kill.

TO M.

And may I hope? thou kind one, oh!
Can joy so great be mine?
I'd pass a thousand years of wo,
Nor think the minutes travell'd slow,
Might I, at last, be thine.

And may I hope?—What rapture waits
On that auspicious word!
Now do your worst, ye envious fates,
The sentence which my soul elates,
Attesting angels heard.

And may I hope?—Then I am blest,
That word expels despair,
Removes each sorrow from my breast,
With every doubt that dare molest,
And plants an Eden there.

And may I hope?—Then fancy may
Foretaste the nuptial kiss,
In promised rapture revel gay,
An antepast of that sweet day,
Which consummates my bliss

TO ZORAYDA.

Ah, why, sweet minstrel! why wish me to soar
Beyond the limits of my humble sphere?
Why bid me ape the thunder's awful roar,
And swell the train in madd'ning war's career?

Forbear, dear girl! to urge the strange request,
I cannot rouse my milky heart to rage;
Then let me lull the timorous bird to rest,
Or feel it dance with pleasure in its cage.

TO CAROLINE.

Tho' thousand gems, of dazzling ray,
Will glow and sparkle through the day,
The diamond only has the power
To shine in midnight's darkest hour.
So hearts that bask in beauty's smile,
With borrowed ray may glow awhile,
But mine, dear girl, is warm and bright,
Tho' absence shroud the gem in night.

Yes, absence is affection's test,
I feel the truth within my breast,
For every hour and every mile,
That bars me from thy cheering smile,
Imparts new ardour to the flame,
That warms and animates my frame·
But ere it too intensely burn,
In pity, love, return!—return.

WE ARE ONE.

Air—From thee, Eliza, I must go.

Oh, we are one, and who presumes
To sever hearts like ours,
Would scatter frosts where Eden blooms,
And wither all its flowers;

But should no bands unite our hands,
Till weary life be done,
The ties which join this heart to thine,
Will ever make us one.

Yes, pride and rank may sever hands,
But cannot change the heart,
Nor polar snows, nor Afric's sands,
Congenial spirits part.
Our souls shall meet, in union sweet,
Tho' seas between us run,
Till pride relents, and fate consents.
To make us truly one.

RETURNING HOME.

No longer shall fortune be whelm'd with invective,
If my journey the goddess but bless with her smile;
I heed not its length, while I view in perspective
The sharer, rewarder, and end of my toil.

Ah! still on my vision the object increases!
The cottage of peace and affection I spy!
Hope smiles, as my bosom, unconscious, releases
The murmur of wishes respired in a sigh.

Now, now I am blest!—But, ah! language it fails me,
No pencil can paint love's ecstatic alarms:
'Tis she that approaches—'tis Catharine hails me,
She gazes! she smiles!—I am press'd in her arms.

Robt Smirke Del. Wm.D.Smith sc.

BANKRUPTCY OF THE HEART.

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MELODIES.

III. SENTIMENTAL AND CONVIVIAL.

BANKRUPTCY OF THE HEART.

Air—Erin go Bragh.

Let infamy cover the dastard, that meanly
  Can sport with the peace of an innocent maid,
For there is no pang which the heart feels so keenly
  As finding its confidence basely betray'd.
No power can retrieve such a wide desolation,
As spreads o'er the face of the mental creation,
When once a sincere trusting heart's adoration
  Has been with a cold-blooded treason repaid.

For woman, dear woman, ne'er traffics by measure,
  But risks her whole heart, without counting the cost;
And if the dear youth whom she trusts with the treasure
  Be shipwreck'd, or faithless, her capital's lost.
For all she was worth, was her stock of affection,
And bankruptcy follows, with sad retrospection,
And nothing can ever remove the dejection
  That preys on a bosom whose prospects are cross'd.

A NUPTIAL SONG.

Air—The Banks of the Devon.

O blest is the festival hallow'd by duty,
The banquet which Hymen and Cupid supply,
The goblet which borrows new lustre from beauty,
Its tint from her lip, and its light from her eye.
Then join in our revels, partake of our pleasures,
For Hymen and Love here in union preside,
While music awakens her light-footed measures,
To welcome the guests, and to honour the bride.

While a spot in the desert of life is thus blooming,
And soft sighs of rapture are fanning its bowers,
While the sunbeams of mirth are its vistas illuming,
And bright tears of ecstacy water the flowers—
O join in our revels, partake of our pleasures,
For Hymen and Love here in union preside,
While music awakens her light-footed measures,
To welcome the guests, and to honour the bride.

Long life to their pleasures, till raptures supernal,
Immortal as truth, in their bosoms shall rise,
For the bliss of true conjugal love is eternal,
It blossoms on earth but to bloom in the skies.
Then join in our revels, partake of our pleasures,
For Hymen and Love here in union preside,
While music awakens her light-footed measures,
To welcome the guests, and to honour the bride.

THE WIDOWED IVY.

Music by Swindells.

I mark'd of late, in verdant pride,
The ivy, fondly clinging
To the tall oak's majestic side,
On whose green branches, spreading wide,
A woodland choir was singing.
But soon was hush'd the sylvan lay,
The lightning's bolt invaded;
The oak was shiver'd in the fray,
The widow'd ivy lost its stay,
And all its verdure faded.

'Tis thus the fond confiding heart
On manly faith reposes,
While the sweet smiles of Hope impart
Such hues to life's prospective chart
As deck the scene in roses.
But, ah! such sweets too soon decay,
By sorrow's storm invaded;
If faithless man our hopes betray,
The widow'd heart will lose its stay,
And all its joys be faded.

Eve shuts her windows—let me now advance
To where the viol leads the mazy dance;
Where pleasure warms the heart and lights the eye,
While bounding pulses to the music fly.

CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

Air—Songs of shepherds, in rustical roundelays.

Hail! the season of joy and festivity,
Social pleasures and innocent mirth,
Consecrated by Mercy's Nativity,
Bliss angelical granted to earth:
Tempests of winter the forests may splinter,
But never can stint or embitter our cheer,
While love's soft wishes still sweeten our dishes
On merry Christmas and happy New Year.

Hark! the merry bells, chiming from Trinity,
Charm the ear with their musical din,
Telling all, throughout the vicinity,
Holiday gambols are now to begin:
Friends and relations, with fond salutations,
And warm gratulations, together appear;
While lovers and misses, with holiday kisses,
Greet merry Christmas and happy New Year.

Gratitude, united with piety,
Bids each bosom with rapture to glow,
Pleasures, temper'd with cheerful sobriety,
"Light up smiles in the aspect of wo:"
Sires and mothers, meet sisters and brothers,
And mingle with others, in festival cheer;
And friends, long parted, assemble, light-hearted,
On merry Christmas and happy New Year.

Now commences the infantile revelry,
Happy urchins the story believe,
That Santaclaus, since ages of chivalry,
Visits the nursery on holiday eve.
Socks, intended for gifts, are suspended,
And mystic rites blended, the fancy to cheer,
While sweet snap-dragon, exhausts the full flagon,
Each merry Christmas and happy New Year.

Then hail! the season of joy and festivity,
Social pleasures, and innocent mirth,
Which smooths the path of age's declivity,
And gives to infancy Eden on earth;
When Plenty, her treasure bestows without measure,
And innocent Pleasure pursues her career;
While Love's soft wishes still sweeten our dishes,
On merry Christmas and happy New Year.

SPRING AND AUTUMN

How pleasing, how lovely appears
Sweet infancy, sportive and gay;
Its prattle, its smiles, and its tears,
Like spring, or the dawning of day!

But manhood's the season design'd
For wisdom, for works, and for use;
To ripen the fruits of the mind,
Which the seeds sown in childhood produce.

LAND'S END.

Air—The Light-house.

'The gale was propitious, all canvass was spread,
As swift thro' the water we glided,
'The tear-drop yet glisten'd which friendship had shed,
Tho' the pang whence it sprang had subsided.
Fast faded in distance each object we knew,
As the shores which we loved were retiring,
And the last grateful object which linger'd in view,
Was the beacon on land's end aspiring.

Ah! here, I exclaim'd, is an emblem of life,
For 'tis but a turbulent ocean,
Where passion with reason is ever at strife,
While our frail little barks are in motion.
The haven of infancy, calm and serene,
We leave in the distance retiring,
While memory lingers, to gaze on some scene,
Like the beacon on land's end aspiring.

O may I be careful to steer by that chart
Which Wisdom in mercy has given,
And true, like the needle, this tremulous heart
Be constantly pointing to heaven;
Thus safely with tempests and billows I'll cope,
And find (when at last they're subsiding)
On the land's end of life is a beacon of hope,
To the harbour of happiness guiding.

THE TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

Air—The Soldier's Gratitude.

There is a gem more pearly bright,
More dear to Mercy's eye,
That love's sweet star, whose mellow light
First cheers the evening sky;
A liquid pearl, that glitters where
No sorrows now intrude,
A richer gem than monarchs wear,
The tear of gratitude.

But ne'er shall narrow love of self,
Invite this tribute forth,
Nor can the sordid slave of pelf
Appreciate its worth;
But ye who sooth the widow's wo,
And give the orphan food,
For you this liquid pearl shall flow,
The tear of gratitude.

Ye, who but slake an infant's thirst,
In Heavenly Mercy's name,
Or proffer penury a crust,
The sweet reward can claim.
Then as ye rove life's sunny banks,
With sweetest flowerets strew'd,
Still may you claim the widow's thanks,
The orphan's gratitude.

WHEN EYES ARE BRIGHT.

A Sicilian Air.

When eyes are bright with pleasure,
And brows with wreaths are crown'd,
To music's sweetest measure
The heart shall gaily bound.

While pallid care forgets to call,
And smiling beauty lights the hall,
Devote to bliss the present hour,
Perhaps the next may darkly lower.
When eyes are bright with pleasure,
And brows with wreaths are crown'd,
To music's sweetest measure
The heart shall gaily bound.

This life were but a dreary scene,
Without such little spots of green;
But every joy like this to taste,
Imparts new strength to tread the waste.
When eyes are bright with pleasure,
And brows with wreaths are crown'd,
To music's sweetest measure
The heart shall gaily bound.

Such pleasures leave no sting behind,
But sweetly elevate the mind,
'Till every heart, with generous glow,
Is blest to see its neighbour so.

When eyes are bright with pleasure,
And brows with wreaths are crown'd,
To music's sweetest measure
The heart shall gaily bound.

NOW AMITY, HOPE, AND PLEASURE.

An Italian Air.

Now amity, hope, and pleasure,
Smile placidly, kiss, and toy,
While trippingly dance in measure,
Love, liberty, peace, and joy.

Night's ebony car descending,
Rolls rapidly down the sky,
While numerous sylphs attending,
Show revelry's hour is nigh.
Now amity, hope, and pleasure,
Smile placidly, kiss, and toy,
While trippingly dance in measure,
Love, liberty, peace, and joy.

Late dismally pining daily,
Hearts languidly sunk in wo,
Now merrily bounding gaily,
All playfully throb and glow.
Now amity, hope, and pleasure,
Smile placidly, kiss and toy,
While trippingly dance in measure, &c.

TO ADELAIDE FELICITY.

Supposed to express the feelings of her Father, on her return from the West Indies.

Before thy infant lips could frame,
With lisping tone, a parent's name;
When first a smile of playful grace
Was seen upon thy cherub face;
While dandled on thy mother's knee—
Think'st thou that smile was dear to me?
'Twas, Adelaide—Felicity.

When thou, at last, couldst run alone,
And lisp our names with dulcet tone;
And like the lamb, in frolic play,
Didst wile the laughing hours away;
Thy father's bosom throbb'd with glee,
While love maternal guarded thee,
'Twas, Adelaide—Felicity.

But ah! how faint a joy was this,
Compared with our superior bliss,
When, budding in the spring of youth,
Replete with virtue, love, and truth,
And every grace we wish'd to see,
Thy doting parents gazed on thee—
'Twas, Adelaide—Felicity.

And when with cultivated mind,
By knowledge stored, by art refined,

Thy faithful heart, thy hand, thy will,
Were pledged to one who holds them still,
One who is worthy even thee,
What think you, owed the youth to me?
'Twas, Adelaide—Felicity.

And now, thy lengthened absence o'er,
I hold thee in my arms once more,
And kiss the pearls of joy away,
And see the smiles of rapture play
About the lips from sorrow free,
What, thinkst thou, calls this tear from me?
'Tis, Adelaide—Felicity.

A GLEE.

Air—To all you ladies now at land.

Let politicians rail and fight,
For president or king,
We care not which is wrong or right,
But gaily drink and sing.
The only party we would join,
Is that of woman, wit, and wine.
Then we'll push about the bowl, my boys,
Then we'll push about the bowl,
To exhilirate the soul,
And heighten our convivial joys.

TO GEORGE.

Nay, ask me not for wit or rhyme,
  While this blue-devil weather lasts,
The muses shun Columbia's clime
  During the equinoctial blasts.

Their native home is most serene,
  Where bright and cloudless skies are certain,
A mountain's-top—as you have seen
  At Chatham Garden, on the curtain.

They'll not exchange a scene so fair,
  Their verdant walks and rural sweets
To shiver in this misty air,
  And wade along our muddy streets.

Then let them still enjoy their revels,
  Remote from fiends of every hue,
For though they smile on some poor *devils*,
  They never could abide the *blue*.

In July last, so hot and dry,
  When some expired for want of brandy,
When not a cloud obscured the sky,
  And fans were worn by every dandy:

Then would they come, and round my taper,
  En dishabille, inspire me so,
That, though my sweat bedew'd the paper,
  I wrote some *melting* lines, you know.

But ask me not for wit or rhyme,
  While this blue-devil weather lasts,
The muses shun Columbia's clime,
  During the equinoctial blasts.

TO SARAH.

I ask'd the muse to breathe a name
  Which Mercy loved the dearest;
The brightest on the roll of fame,
  To perfect worth the nearest;
Whose heart would bleed, but never shrink,
  When gloom and danger lower'd,
Who dared destruction's awful brink,
To save the wretch about to sink—
  She smiled and whisper'd—"HOWARD."

I ask'd her then to name a fair,
  Whose thousand traits of beauty,
Derive the sweetest grace they wear
  From virtue, love, and duty:
Who, when her parents helpless lay,
  By fell disease o'erpower'd,
With tearless, sleepless eye, would stay
To watch their couches, night and day,
The pangs of sickness to allay—
  The muse still whisper'd—"HOWARD."

THE KALEIDESCOPE.

Air—Just like Love.

Just like Hope, this magic toy
Shows a thousand forms of joy,
Of richest shape and sweetest hue,
For ever varying—ever new,
Just like Hope.

Innocence, a playful child,
Raised the tube, and look'd, and smiled,
And still he gazed, with rapture wild,
For every change his heart beguiled,
Just like Hope.

Sage Experience chanced to pass,
Seized the toy, and broke the glass,
And soon convinced the weeping boy
How false was his illusive joy,
Just like Hope.

Still the silly child believed
That his loss would be retrieved,
Another tried, and still he grieved,
For every flattering tube deceived,
Just like Hope.

Just like Hope, this magic toy
Shows a thousand forms of joy, &c.

THE IMPRISONED DEBTOR.

The slave inhales the morning healthful breeze,
And gambols gaily o'er the verdant plain;
But ah! the debtor tastes no joys like these,
But breathes the fetid atmosphere of pain.

The slave has friends—a wife and children dear,
Whose fond caresses every grief dispel;
But ah! no friend—no wife or child is near,
To bless the debtor's solitary cell.

Near the sad couch on which his Emma weeps,
Her sickly fancy paints his wasting frame;
And from the cradle where her infant sleeps,
Unconscious lips pronounce a father's name.

Alas, poor babe! thy father hears thee not;
In the cold jail his lonely lamp he trims,
To wake and muse upon our hapless lot,
The chains of avarice clanking on his limbs.

But though, my child, our eyes dissolve in showers,
Our cheeks are strangers to the blush of shame,
For oh! one boast, one legacy is ours—
His spotless honour and unblemished fame.

.....

Unfeeling, cruel, and remorseless souls!
Ye, who on Sunday still profanely pray—
"Forgive our debts, *as we*, O Lord, forgive
Our debtors!"—may the *letter* of your prayers
Remain unanswered—for 'tis death ye ask!

THE FLOWERS OF LIFE.

In the journey of life, let us scorn to complain of
The trifling impediments found in the road;
The worst I encounter I laugh at the pain of,
For sweet-smiling cheerfulness lightens the load.

If I find not a rose, I indulge not in sorrow,
But pluck with contentment a daisy to-day;
Nay, even a sprig will feed hope for to-morrow,
The humblest that nods to the zephyrs of May.

Let others dispute, I'll avoid their dissention,
Religious, political, moral, or such;
For the lily of peace thus escapes their attention,
The sweet bud of pleasure which blooms at my touch

The blossoms of friendship, surviving mortality,
I'll carefully cherish and wear in my breast;
Tho' its picture may boast brighter hues than reality,
Its fragrance directs me, when doubtful the test.

The spirit of feeling, the soul of affection,
Wildly ardent in rapture, and melting in wo,
Whatever its image, attire, or complexion,
With mine shall commingle in sympathy's glow.

I ask not his birth-place, whatever the region,
Hot, temperate, frigid—despotic or free;
I ask not his politics, creed or religion,
A Turk, Jew, or Christian—he's still dear to me

But ah! there's a flower, which, teeming with nectar,
Beneath its fair aspect screen's misery's dart,
So artfully veil'd that it mocks a detecter,
Till, press'd to the bosom, it pierces the heart.

But still, to a bosom susceptibly placid,
The anguish of love will but heighten the joy;
As the bev'rage uniting a sweet with an acid,
Is grateful, when nectar untemper'd would cloy.

The bramble of avarice others may nourish,
Exhausting life's soil of its virtues and strength;
I'll stray where the plants of beneficence flourish,
And the generous vine winds its serpentine length.

Let misers pursue their mean sordid employment,
And hoard up their treasures for life's latest scenes;
I'll waste not the moments allow'd for enjoyment,
Nor squander the season in gaining the means.

Our object is happiness—ne'er could we miss it,
In life's varied path, if the talent were ours
From all we encounter some good to elicit,
As bees gather sweets from the meanest of flowers.

Then pluck every blossom of happiness blooming;
Leave birds of contention, and play with the dove;
And our path, soon the flush of enchantment assuming,
Will glow, an elysium of pleasure and love.

EDWIN DELISLE.

Air—Dark Loch-na-gar.

The battle was ended, whose direful commotion
Gave tyrants the victims unclaim'd by the wave,
And the last ray of Phœbus illumin'd the ocean,
As it shot o'er the land of the ill-fated brave.
The western breeze wafted the ship o'er the main,
Far, far from their country and liberty's smile;
Each captive enshackled with tyranny's chain,
The noblest of whom was young Edwin Delisle.

Apart from his comrades, his manly breast bleeding
With anguish too piercing for nature to bear,
Distracted he view'd his dear country receding,
And bade it adieu in a tone of despair:
"O region of happiness, freedom and peace!
Columbia, adieu! not for Edwin you smile,
For soon, with his sorrows, existence must cease,
For rent is the heart of poor Edwin Delisle.

"Eliza! my angel! fate dooms us to sever,
Tho' brought to the climate that fosters thy charms;
In sight of my country, I lose it for ever,
In view of my love, I am torn from her arms!
Three times have the seasons their circle fulfill'd,
Since Edwin was blest with affection's sweet smile,
Since, press'd to his bosom, Eliza he held,
As she sigh'd a farewell to her Edwin Delisle.

"Three years shall restore me, I cried, as we parted;
The term has expir'd, and my eyes caught the shore;
Hope flatter'd, then left to despair, broken-hearted,
The wretch for whom freedom and joy are no more.
The shadows of eve shroud thy land from my view,
But ah! there's another where joys ever smile!
God of mercy, forgive me!—Eliza, adieu!"
He plung'd—and the waves cover'd Edwin Delisle.

A FAIR VOCALIST.

"What nymph," ask'd Apollo, "will deign for awhile,
Which one of the nine, will repair to the isle
Where virtue, and learning, and genius, and taste,
Have chang'd to an Eden Manhattan's rude waste?
The science of Philipps no longer can charm,
The sweetness of Incledon ceases to warm,
And the eager inhabitants look to the nine
For something superior---something divine?"
"For something divine!" sage Minerva exclaim'd,
"Their wish has been realized ere it was named;
The sweetest of voices and faces unite
Their ears, and their eyes, and their hearts, to delight;
For the muses, and graces, and Pallas, have joined
To embellish her person, and polish her mind.
From sirens she pilfer'd each tone that entrances,
From Cupid her dimples, from Venus her glances;
Thus enrich'd by celestials with sweetness and worth,
She charms, in the person of Holman, on earth.

FRIENDSHIP.

What power can prop a sinking soul,
  Oppress'd with woes and sick of grief,
Bid the warm tear forbear to roll,
Despair's heart-rending sigh control,
  And whisper sweet relief?

Friendship! sweet balm for sorrow's smart,
  In thee the soothing power is found,
To heal the lacerated heart,
Extract affliction's venom'd dart,
  And close the bleeding wound.

When pierc'd by grief's chill tempest through,
  The tendril bends beneath its power,
Thou canst the broken plant renew:
Thy sacred tear, like heavenly dew,
  Revives the drooping flower.

If fortune frown—if health depart,
  Or death divide the tenderest tie,
Friendship can raise the sinking heart,
A glow of real joy impart,
  And wipe the tearful eye.

If foes without attack our name,
  Or foes within assault our peace,
Then friendship's pure celestial flame
Can sooth the mind—defend our fame,
  And bid assailants cease.

Come, then, sweet power, of source divine,
For ever glow within my breast;
My earliest friend be ever mine,
One link our hearts in union join,
To make each other blest.

HIBERNIA'S TEARS.

Music by Gilfert—Published by E. Riley.

Hibernia's tears for ever flow,
Her harp in silence slumbers;
Her bards the patriot song forego,
Nor dare to breathe its numbers.
No more they bid the swelling tone
In freedom's cause awaken;
Those happy days of bliss are flown,
And Erin weeps, forsaken!

But though her sons in exile roam,
They sleep on freedom's pillow;
And Erin's daughters find a home
Beyond the western billow.
There shall they breathe the glowing strain,
To joy's ecstatic numbers;
There Erin's harp shall wake again,
In rapture, from its slumbers.

CALUMNY.

Ah, what avails the shield of truth,
The charm of virtue, beauty, youth,
Against that fiend deform'd, uncouth,
  Whose wounds no lenient balm can close?
Assail'd by Slander's venom'd tooth,
The sensate mind must droop, forsooth,
  And wither like a canker'd rose.
Yes, they who ever felt the pang
Of Calumny's inveterate fang,
Must own that minstrel never sang,
Of all the woes from guilt that sprang,
  Of deeper, dreader, deadlier foes.

O thou, who hast been thus betray'd
By secret foes, in ambush laid,
To plot and stab beneath the shade;
Whose viewless shafts have mock'd the aid
Of Virtue's buckler to evade
  The cruel, pointed, venom'd barb—
Know, hapless wretch! whoe'er thou be,
There is between thyself and me
A sighing chord of sympathy;
For I have also felt, like thee,
The cureless wounds of Calumny,
Who kiss'd and stabb'd—for he—for he
  Had stolen honest Friendship's garb.

But what, alas, avails complaint?
Be man more holy than a saint,

Be lovely woman "chaste as snow
And pure as ice," they still must know
The keenest pang of human wo,
  The rankling wound of Calumny.
But hear a Saviour's accents mild,
"The persecuted and reviled
  "Are blessed," saith the Lord.
Then still, in conscious virtue clad,
"Rejoice, and be exceeding glad,
  "For great is your reward."

O TRUST NOT HOPE.

O trust not faithless Hope too far,
  Lest disappointment's venom'd dart
Should all thy fairest prospects mar,
  And lacerate thy constant heart;
For I have trusted in her smile,
  Nor heard the distant thunder roll,
Nor saw the cloud approach the while,
  Whose lightnings since have pierced my soul.

O trust not then the smile of hope,
  A hurricane succeeds the calm,
E'en while we stroll some verdant slope
  Where flow'rets freight the breeze with balm—
Ere we can say "the scene is sweet,"
  'Tis blasted by some demon's breath;
Then trust not, trust not, I entreat,
  The treacherous smile that lures to death.

FEMALE ORNAMENTS.

Imitated from the French.

All hues become a pretty face,
For beauty needs no foreign grace;
A flower, or any thing, in truth,
Will ornament the brow of youth,
While sparkling gems may vainly shine
Where age and ugliness combine.

O then, be wise. ye gentle fair,
And all the ornaments you wear
From taste, instead of wealth, obtain,
Nor longer court your glass in vain.

The Prize of Beauty (once decreed,
To Paphian Venus, as we read)
Was not awarded to the fair
For any brilliants in her hair.

No, 'twas her native charms acquired
The prize her rivals so desired;
Her face, her neck, her bosom, waist,
Her easy negligence and taste,
Her attitude, her hair, her eyes—
With these the goddess won the prize.

O then, ye fair, who seek to please,
Cherish simplicity and ease;

With modest taste, give no occasion
To quote Apelles' observation.*
Remember, that a grace denied,
Was by a bauble ne'er supplied.

THY RUBY LIPS MUST KISS THE BRIM.

Air—Kate of Aberdeen.

Thy ruby lips must kiss the brim
Before I drain the cup,
Its lustre else will be too dim
To light my spirits up.
Nay, taste, my love—its purple hue
Will brighter paint thy lip;
Thine eye will gain new lustre too,
Thy soul new ardour—sip!

If rosy wine have power to cheer
The regents of the sky,†
It sure will chase away the tear
That dims an angel's eye.
Then taste, my love—its purple hue
Will brighter dye thy lip;
Thine eye will gain new lustre too,
Thy soul new ardour—sip!

* An ignorant painter having decorated the portrait of Helen with trinkets, Apelles observed, that the picture was "rich in ornament, but poor in beauty," and that the "artist had embellished her with *jewels*, because he had not abilities to paint her *beautiful*."

† This idea smacks of Paganism; but I dare not avail myself of higher authority in a convivial song, or I would refer to him who said that "wine cheereth God and man."

THE DEAF AND DUMB

Air—There's nothing true but Heaven.

The ills which call for pity's tear,
  Were all in mercy given;
The fetter'd tongue, obstructed ear,
And every wo we suffer here,
  Invite us back to Heaven.

But he who binds the bleeding heart
  By sorrow's tempest riven,
Whose kindness dries the tears that start,
Performs a man's, an angel's part,
  And aids the plan of Heaven.

Then see the tear from misery's cheek,
  By love and genius driven!
Behold! they gain the end they seek!
The deaf can hear! the dumb can speak!
  And praise approving Heaven.

And now a bright and glorious morn
  Succeeds a dusky even;
The dazzled soul, but newly born,
In wonder lost, salutes the dawn,
  And hails the sun of heaven.

The Muse no more in foreign climes shall roam,
While we've such *scenes* and *incidents* at home.

BEAUTY.

Imitated from the French.

Beauty, sweet mysterious power,
Secret spring of all that moves,
Goddess of the Paphian bower,
Mother of the infant loves;

Which can make the wicked good,
Savage sentiments abolish,
Melt the hard, refine the rude,
Teach the clown a courtier's polish;

Which can make the simple wise,
Or deprive the wise of reason;
Bid the statesman sink or rise,
Urge to loyalty or treason:—

Now exciting modest fear,
Now with lawless rudeness firing;
Prompting to be faithless here,
There with constancy inspiring.

'Tis the power that banes or blesses;
Where shall we its image find?
'Tis the nymph whose eye expresses
Charms belonging to the mind.

.....

We to the fair evince a true affection
By pointing out such faults as need correction.

THE MINSTREL.

Air—Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.

How happy is the minstrel's lot,
  Whose song each care beguiles;
The frowns of fortune fright him not,
  Nor does he court her smiles.
Contented with his tuneful lyre,
  His art can yield the rest;
He pours his soul along the wire,
  And rapture fires his breast.

He envies not the power of kings,
  With all their glittering toys;
The tones that warble from his strings
  Impart sublimer joys.
He builds a world of airy bliss,
  Where love erects his throne;
And though his fancy frame the kiss,
  Its sweets are all his own.

What though no wealth his song repays,
  Nor laurels deck his lyre;
The glow he catches from its lays
  Is bliss supremely higher.
What though his fairy pleasures seem
  Illusion's shapeless toys—
He would not lose so sweet a dream
  For all your waking joys.

A DUET.

Both.....Now the torch of rapture burns,
Sorrows fly, and joy returns;
Hope, in blushing garlands drest,
Comes again, a welcome guest.
She.....So the gloomy shades of night
He.....Fade before the dawn of light;
She.....Till Aurora's blushing ray
Both.....Kindle darkness into day.

CONFIDING WOMAN.

Confiding woman yields her hear
Without a reservation,
While man can only love by art,
And sordid calculation.

No earthly ill can him annoy,
But she would gladly bear it,
Nor has the world for her a joy,
Unless her lover share it.

Clear and transparent, like a crystal vase,
The female mind its real worth displays;
Whether its hue our praise or censure win,
It takes its colour from the stores within.

WILLIAM'S PROMOTION.

Air—Paddy Carey.

The drum had ceas'd, the bugle slept,
The sentry march'd with footsteps wary,
When ditch and picket William leapt,
Eager to see his wedded Mary.
But ah! his colonel, just before,
On her defenceless state presuming,
Had entered Mary's cottage door,
The husband's voice and dress assuming.
Soft and sly, Mary fled; William's eye sooth'd her dread.
"Ills infernal seize the colonel!"
Cried he, unwary.
But Mary suggested, that he be arrested,
And as a deserter to camp return'd;
And William, who with resentment burn'd,
Commends the thought, and soon is brought
A brisk sergeant's guard; the colonel pleads hard,
But his disguise deceives all eyes;
He swears and cries, while none replies;
Safely guarded, not retarded,
William sees him borne from Mary;
Faithful Mary, beautiful Mary,
Dear little, sweet little, constant Mary

The morning came, the reveille beat,
The troops paraded bright and airy,
And there, in regimentals neat,
William had brought his lovely Mary.

The colonel, now restored to rank,
Around on milk-white charger prances,
Until his eye, upon the flank,
Is caught by blushing Mary's glances.
Soon he asks, who was mad, to enlist such a lad;
William ready, answered steady,
Bright, brisk, and airy:
"The youth I recruited, I hope you are suited,
For though he is young, and tender, and light,
He took a deserter, sir, last night,
Though dark and damp, some way from camp
The villain was caught, and hither brought,
In deep disguise." The colonel's eyes
Betray surprise—at length he cries,
"Be it noted—you're promoted
Ensign—ever guard your Mary;
Faithful Mary, beautiful Mary,
Dear little, sweet little, constant Mary."

FASHION.

To tyrant *Fashion* all must yield,
He rules with sway despotic,
And he who dares contest the field,
Must be indeed Quixotic.
But though, when he appears, we must,
Like courteous slaves, receive him;
The wise will ne'er embrace him *first*,
Nor be the *last* to leave him.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN

Air—Fill the bumper, fair.

While each freeman's son
  Boasts of rights in plenty,
Daughters have but one,
  E'en at one-and-twenty:
'Tis the right to choose
  Whom we mean to marry,
And, at once, refuse
  Tom, or Dick, or Harry;
'Tis our charter'd right,
  Nature's hand has penn'd it,
Let us then unite
  Bravely to defend it.

While our fathers fought
  For our independence,
Patriot mothers taught
  This to their descendants:—
Daughters guard and save
  Rights too dear to barter,
Spurn the name of slave,
  Freedom is your charter.
You've the right to choose
  Whom you mean to marry,
Whom you will refuse,
  Tom, or Dick, or Harry.

* As sung in the play of the "Deed of Gift."

Men may boast the bliss
Of a *free* election,
Women ask but this,
Uncontrolled affection;
Then we cheerly say,
Tutor'd by the pastor,
"Honour, love, obey,"
To our lord and master.
Daughters, guard and save
Rights too dear to barter,
Spurn the name of slave,
Freedom is our charter.

There's a claim more strong
Than a sire's or brother's;
If they think us wrong,
Let them ask our mothers:
When *they* play'd their parts,
Urged by love and beauty,
With their hands and hearts
They transferr'd their duty.
'Tis our charter'd right,
Nature's hand has penn'd it,
Let us then unite
Bravely to defend it.

FRIENDSHIP.

From this bright source a stream of blessings flows,
To more than balance all Pandora's woes.

THE WATERMAN.

From a Manuscript Play.

Let philosophers boast of their learning and skill,
And tell us what sages have thought o' men;
It yet is a fact, sirs, deny it who will,
Human nature's the study for watermen
For ours is the talent to soon put afloat
All ages, professions, and sizes;
From the sweep's sooty rug to the gaudy laced coat,
As the grade to the general rises.
While we row,
To and fro,
One way look, the other go.

Our boats convey from shore to shore,
The great, the small, the rich, the poor,
The short, the tall, the fat, the lean,
The fair, the brown, the brave, the mean;
The maid, the widow, wife, and mother,
And some who're neither one nor 'tother.
Thus ours is the talent, &c.

There's querists, quibblers, quids and quakers,
Butchers, brokers, brewers, bakers,
Blacksmiths, boatmen, bailiffs, butlers,
Cartmen, coopers, caulkers, cutlers,
Drummers, drapers, drivellers, drovers,
Riggers, ravers, ranters, rovers;

Farmers, fiddlers, fuddlers, furriers,
Carvers, clothiers, clerks, and curriers;
Gownmen, grocers, gardeners, gilders,
Bullies, bruisers, barbers, builders;
Founders, framers, fools, refiners,
Jurors, judges, jobbers, joiners;
Saddlers, sweepers, singers, sailors,
Tanners, turners, tinkers, tailors;
Tenants, tyrants, truants, teachers,
Poets, printers, painters, preachers.
Thus ours is the talent, &c.

Tobacconists, book-binders, stone-cutters, sawyers,
With carpenters, constables, lovers, and lawyers;
Musicians, confectioners, vintners and glaziers,
With inn-keepers, ink-makers, hatters, and braziers;
Auctioneers, and attorneys, with priests, and physicians,
Engravers, designers, and scribbling magicians.
Thus ours is the talent, &c.

Shoe-makers, watch-makers, coach-makers, sail-makers,
Rope-makers, chair-makers, pin-makers, pail-makers;
With weighers, surveyors,
Street inspectors,
Bank directors;
The seller of jewels,
And the fighter of duels.
Thus ours is the talent to soon put afloat,
All ages, professions, and sizes,
From the sweep's sooty rug, &c.

THE NEEDLE.

The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling
In waltz or cotillion—at whist or quadrille;
And seek admiration by vauntingly telling
Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill;
But give me the fair one, in country or city,
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,
Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,
While plying the needle with exquisite art.
The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

If Love have a potent, a magical token,
A talisman, ever resistless and true—
A charm that is never evaded or broken,
A witchery certain the heart to subdue—
'Tis this—and his armoury never has furnish'd
So keen and unerring, or polish'd a dart;
Let Beauty direct it, so pointed and burnish'd,
And Oh! it is certain of touching the heart.

Be wise then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration
By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all;
You never, whate'er be your fortune or station,
Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,
As gaily convened at a work-covered table,
Each cheerfully active and playing her part,
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,
And plying the needle with exquisite art.

Rob^t. Smirke Del — Wm.D.Smith sc.

THE NEEDLE.

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MELODIES.

IV...NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC.

WAR.

Air—What the bee is to the floweret.

Gentle Peace, on ruffled pinion,
Flies from Freedom's injured realm;
War extends his rough dominion,
Vengeance nodding on his helm.

Harshly sounds the trumpet's clamour,
While our warriors leap to arms;
Beauty shrinks in fearful tremour,
Snatching graces from alarms.

Harsh to us the martial clarion,
Who with peace and freedom blest,
Bade the desert, drear and barren,
Smile a garden in the west.

Harsh to us, whose fair pretentions
Ne'er infringed a nation's right,
Who have tamely borne aggressions,
Rather than engage in fight.

FREEDOM'S STAR.

Air—God save the king.

Hail, Star of Freedom, hail!
Whose splendour ne'er shall fail,
In peace or war;
Long shall thy golden ray
O'er these bless'd regions play,
While millions own the sway
Of Freedom's Star.

Our sires, a pilgrim band,
Who sought this promis'd land,
From realms afar,
Spurn'd fell oppression's sway,
And dared the pathless way,
Led by the golden ray
Of Freedom's Star.

Their sons, with kindred flame,
Have earn'd an equal fame,
In peace and war;
Determined to be free,
Have fought by land and sea,
Led on to victory,
By Freedom's Star.

Beneath her temple's dome,
Here wanderers find a home

From realms afar;
Blest in their happy choice,
Here will they long rejoice,
And with united voice,
Hail Freedom's Star.

YES, YES, I GO.

A Polacca—Music by Davies.

"Yes, yes, I go"—he whispered soft,
"In freedom's cause my sword to wield,
"Columbia's banner waves aloft,
"And glory calls me to the field."
Then foremost on the foe he prest,
While war's rude tempest wildly roar'd,
Till gushing from the hero's breast
The purple tide in torrents pour'd.

He fell, and oh! what fancies stole
Through memory's vista, bright and warm,
Till one loved image o'er his soul
Came like an angel in the storm.
But loudly swell'd the bugle's blast,
His hand instinctive grasp'd the steel,
Again it swell'd—but all was past,
The warrior's breast had ceased to feel.

FREEDOM'S CONSTELLATION.

Air—Yankee-doodle.

Glory gilds the western skies
With bright irradiation,
Where twenty brilliant stars arise,
In Freedom's Constellation.
See the glittering orbs revolve
Around the sun of union!
And never shall the tie dissolve
Which holds them in communion.
This exalts Columbia's cause,
And gilds her reputation;
This secures her earth's applause,
And Heaven's approbation.

Long shall live Columbia's name,
In patriotic story,
And long around her brow shall flame
A bright unsullied glory.
Virtue's panoply she wears,
Her weapons truth and justice,
The olive-branch her standard bears,
In Heaven alone her trust is.
This exalts Columbia's cause, &c.

Mild religion's lucid ray
Her glowing prospect brightens,
And superstition shuns the day
Which literature enlightens.

Charity's celestial flame
Here sheds its mild effulgence,
For every party, sect, and name,
Enjoys the same indulgence.
This exalts Columbia's cause, &c.

Freemen reap the fertile soil
Their valour has defended,
And smiling plenty crowns the toil
Which health and hope attended.
Exiles here a refuge find,
Secure from persecution,
And bless the wisdom that design'd
Our glorious constitution.
This exalts Columbia's cause, &c.

See our mighty realm increase,
Since independence crown'd it,
And its growth shall never cease,
Till oceans only bound it;
Still Columbia never fights
For conquest or for plunder,
Nothing but insulted rights
Can wake her martial thunder.
This exalts Columbia's cause, &c.

See Neptune with the lakes allied,
No legendary story,
The god of ocean gains a bride
Where Perry wedded glory.

See potent steam's resistless charm
Uniting distant places,
Till Mississippi's giant arm
The Hudson's form embraces.
This exalts Columbia's cause, &c.

Hail, thou mistress of the west!
Where freemen hold dominion,
Where the dove may safely rest
Beneath the eagle's pinion;
Long as Cynthia wheels her car,
Or Phœbus holds his station,
Be virtue still the brightest star
In Freedom's Constellation.
This exalts Columbia's cause, &c,

'TWAS WAR.

Air—O breathe not his name.

'Twas war—and the plough in the furrow was stayed,
Each art was relinquish'd for musket and blade;
The pipe of the swain in the valley was still,
While the bugle rung loud from each fortified hill.

The cause of humanity, freedom, and truth,
Enkindled a flame in the breast of each youth,
Which, fann'd by the air that our freemen respire,
Soon burst on the foe in a deluge of fire.

FREEDOM'S JUBILEE.

Air—Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.

Freedom's Jubilee again
Calls for music's richest strain,
Hail her bright auspicious reign,
Hail the Jubilee.
Louder let the Anthem swell,
And to listening seraphs tell,
That the land in which we dwell
Ever will be free.

On this day Columbians broke
Stern oppression's galling yoke,
And, by one decisive stroke,
Made their children free;
'Twas the birth of freedom here,
'Tis a day to freemen dear,
Let us, then, each rolling year,
Keep the Jubilee.

Long and bloody was the fray
Ere Columbia gain'd the day,
Lowly many a hero lay,
Dying to be free.
But immortal Washington
Led Columbia's patriots on,
Till the glorious prize was won,
Peace and Liberty.

THE BATTLE.

A Martial Medley—Music by Davies.

Recitative.

O who, reclined in dastard ease,
Could hear his country call in vain,
Or view her banner court the breeze,
Nor sigh to seek the hostile plain?

Air.

O perish such wretches! while, eager for glory,
The youth of our country are rushing to arms;
The deeds of our sires, if we list to the story,
Excite in our bosoms a spirit that charms.

Recitative.

But hark! the cannon's awful roar
Proclaims the deadly fray begun!
The hostile ranks have met once more,
And clouds of smoke obscure the sun.

Air.

The soul-stirring bugle now sounds to the charge,
And our cavalry rush like a tempest along;
The wing of the foe, on the cataract's verge,
Is broken and turn'd by a current so strong.

The havoc increases, the squadrons unite,
The clashing of sabres is heard in the din,
All rushing with ardour to share in the fight,
While bayonets bristle terrific between.

The shouts of the victors, the groans of the dying,
The shrill-sounding fife, and the drum's noisy rattle,
The prancing of coursers, in charging or flying,
Unite in augmenting the din of the battle.

Recitative.

But, hark! the distant bugle's strain
Proclaims the vanquish'd foe is flying;
He leaves behind the ensanguined plain,
Where half his host are dead or dying.

Air.

The tumult subsides, and the carnage is done,
The field is our own, for the battle is won;
Our bugle proclaims us the lords of the day,
With victory, liberty, glory, huzza!

THE ONSET.

Air—Harp of Memnon.

See! at length, indignant Justice
Bares her sabre's spotless blade!
Swears by Him in whom her trust is,
Every wrong shall be repaid!

Hark! the horrid fray commences!
Mars has slipp'd the dogs of war,
Death on every side dispenses,
Spreading ruin round his car.

THE BUGLE.

Music by E. C. Riley.

Deep murmuring down the lonely dell,
The dull tattoo, with drowsy swell,
Had bid the march-worn soldier rest,
With armour buckled on his breast.
But, hark! what cry alarms?
The foe at hand!—to arms!
And, darting from the ground,
The slumbering veterans bound,
While the bugle sounds the charge, rousing echo with the sound.

And now the cannon's sullen roar,
Deep rolls along Ontario's shore,
While Freedom's sons surprised remain,
Their watchword stole—their pickets slain.
In vain their trump alarms,
In vain they cry, to arms!
The foe from ambush springs,
Their yell the welkin rings,
While the bugle sounds retreat, adding speed to terror's wings.

Shall Freedom's veterans fly the field,
Her heroes shrink—her chieftains yield?
Say, where's the spirit of the brave
Who bled Columbia's rights to save?

It lives! it breathes! it warms!
Roused by the clash of arms,
Vengeance, with eye of flame,
Fires with a love of fame,
While the bugle sounds the rally, until victory we claim.

LA FAYETTE'S WELCOME.

Air—When first infant Liberty.

The banner of Liberty, proudly unfurl'd,
Is waving in triumph o'er turret and dome,
For the hero, whose fame has enlightened the world,
Revisits a people who welcome him home.
The hero, who, spurning the pleasures that wait
On fortune and rank, in the halls of the great,
The foes of Columbia intrepidly met,
Our national guest, is the brave La Fayette.

He saw infant Liberty struggling for life,
When clouds of despair had her prospects o'ercast,
The tempest was raging, he courted the strife,
His generous bosom was bared to the blast.
Then welcome him, freemen! he succour'd our cause,
With Washington fought for our rights and our laws;
The foes of Columbia intrepidly met,
Then hail the return of the brave La Fayette.

A MASONIC ODE.

Air—Hail to the Chief.

Dark was the hour, when Columbia, despairing,
Breathed her petitions for succour in vain,
While in her vallies the war-torch was glaring,
Sweeping her hamlets and cots from the plain.
Wounded and bleeding her sons were retiring,
Flush'd with successes, the foeman pursued;
Freedom and *Hope* seem'd in tortures expiring,
Heroes were sleeping in death, *unsubdued*
"*Great source of light!*" she cried,
"No more thy presence hide,
"*Is there no help?* We are sorely beset."
Soon as the mourner spoke,
Bright rays of glory broke,
Round a young hero—the brave La Fayette.

Lo! from the *east*, with a mystic resplendence,
Rose the bright star which enlightened the gloom;
Led by its ray, and our loved *Independence*,
Came the young *knight*, with his bright glossy plume.
Washington saw, and with rapture elated,
Press'd to his bosom the chivalrous boy;
Tyranny frown'd, and with hate unabated,
Sought, like a Herod, the youth to destroy.
Fierce raged the vengeful fray,
Till freemen gain'd the day,
Age-frosted veterans remember it yet:

Then gallant Washington
Hail'd Gallia's godlike son,
Champion of freedom, the brave La Fayette.

Thus was the *temple* of freedom erected,
Crown'd with the *key-stone* of union and love;
Wisdom, and *Beauty*, and *Strength*, were connected,
Three noble pillars which nothing can move.
Tyrants may rage, and in triple alliance,
Seek to demolish so sacred a dome;
Trusting in Heaven, we bid them defiance,
While we thus welcome its *architect* home.
Hail! friend of Washington!
Hail! Gallia's godlike son!
Brother! companion! as such dearer yet,
Long may thy friendly smile
Our festive hours beguile,
Long may *freemasons* thus hail La Fayette.

LA FAYETTE.

When the lily of Gallia first bloom'd in our valley,
'Twas planted by one we shall never forget,
It was spotless and white, like the delicate light
Which beam'd from the eye of the young La Fayette.

When the ever-green laurel we won in the quarrel,
By Washington's finger beside it was set,
O the beautiful cluster emitted a lustre
Like that which now circles the brave La Fayette.

HAIL, LA FAYETTE!

Air—The Last Bugle.

Hark! the martial drum hails the approach of the brave!
The hero who comes o'er the proud-swelling wave,
To the land he defended, the land of the free,
Which greets his return with a grand jubilee,
While her sons, to acknowledge sweet gratitude's debt,
Now awake the loud bugle, to hail La Fayette.

All hail, gallant soldier! thy fame shall extend,
As Liberty's champion, and Washington's friend,
Till all, in the light of its glory, shall see
A world disenthrall'd, independent, and free;
While millions, inspired by sweet gratitude's debt,
Shall awake the loud bugle, to hail La Fayette.

LA FAYETTE.

See him surrounded by admiring crowds,
And modestly receive their salutations,
While their united plaudits rend the clouds,
To prove republics may be grateful nations.
Behold him grasp some hoary veteran's hand,
Or press an old associate to his breast,
While in his eyes the tears of rapture stand,
By which the noblest feelings are exprest.

Behold him in the festive scene, where one
Full tide of pleasure through each bosom flows,

Or bending o'er the tomb of Washington,
Or on the ensanguined spot where freedom's foes
Beheld him leading her resistless van—
In every scene you find him still—*a man.*
But O, the moral grandeur of that hour,
When introduced beneath our Senate's dome,
The solemn conclave hailed him welcome home,
Leaves human language destitute of power
To do it justice. It was more sublime
Than any scene upon the page of time.

THE GOD OF BATTLE.

Music by Swindells.

The god of battle be thy shield,
And guard my love from danger,
When havoc desolates the field,
Whence pity flies a stranger.

Where hearts, determined to be free,
Assume relentless rigour,
And arms which strike for liberty,
Possess immortal vigour,

There guard my gallant soldier's breast,
Till victory light upon his crest;
And when the foeman flies before him,
O then to love and me restore him.

PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.

Yes, blest Columbians!—In this favour'd clime,
What new-born beauties mark the track of time!
His every footstep, through the forest's gloom,
Gives birth to flowerets of unfading bloom.
No crumbling towers (the monuments of pride
And stern oppression) at his touch divide;
No fertile fields here fade beneath his tread,
No smoke of blazing cities wreathes his head;
But in his path a blushing Eden springs,
While countless joys are scatter'd from his wings!

Our late departed guest, brave La Fayette,
To whom Columbia owes so vast a debt,
With almost speechless joy and wonder, traced
Refinement's progress through the savage waste,
Where erst his youthful arm had bared the blade,
The drooping cause of liberty to aid;
When from a princely court he sped his way
To meet the foes of freedom in the fray;
Resolved for glory's dazzling goal to run,
And share the prize with none but Washington!

Where then dark forests echoed war's alarms,
The veteran now beheld rich cultured farms!
With meadows, orchards, fields of waving grain,
And herds of cattle grazing on the plain!
Where then the wolf and panther prowl'd for prey,
He now beheld our flocks in safety stray!

Saw lowing kine supply the milk-maid's pail,
Where antlered stags once bounded through the vale!
And heard the shepherd's wild-notes sweetly swell
O'er the rocks once startled by the Indian yell!

More westward still, he turn'd his wondering eyes,
Where hamlets, towns, and villages, arise
Along the course of that stupendous chain
Which now unites fair Erie to the main.
Commerce was there, in all his golden pride,
With blooming agriculture at his side;
While smiling plenty followed in their train,
And pour'd her bounties o'er the teeming plain;
The chief beheld, and felt his bosom glow,
To view the blessings which from freedom flow.

But when he saw the sages of the land
Convened, to place in some deserving hand
The reins of power, the car of state to guide,
In peace or war, whatever fate betide;
A chief installed, without that vain parade
Which dazzles vassals when their kings are made—
Fired with the moral grandeur of the scene,
With tear-drops gushing from an eye serene,
He saw—he heard—and with expanding breast,
Pronounced Columbia's sons supremely blest.

Fair Science her portals of light shall unfold,
And Genius soar upwards on pinions of gold.

INDEPENDENCE.

*Air—The Reel of Tullochgorum.**

Come crowd around the festive board,
And join the song with one accord,
Be every breast with pleasure stored,
And care and envy send hence.
Our dear-bought freedom we will praise,
Dear bought freedom—dear bought freedom—
Our dear-bought freedom we will praise,
The right of our descendants;
Our dear-bought freedom we will praise,
And every glowing heart shall raise
The chorus of our joyful lays,
Columbia's Independence.

Be party rancour banish'd hence,
For peace is virtue's recompense;
Friendship and love on no pretence
Should ever meet with hinderance.
Let sons of freedom e'er agree—
Sons of freedom—sons of freedom—
Let sons of freedom e'er agree,
In amity's attendance;
Let sons of freedom e'er agree,
For why should men, existing free,
Deform with discord's stormy sea—
Columbia's Independence?

* A celebrated Scotch dance, much in vogue at Aberdeen, in Scotland.

We here assemble to rejoice
That patriots, with united voice,
Once rose and made this manly choice,
For them and their descendants.
They freedom's eagle raised on high—
Freedom's eagle—freedom's eagle—
They freedom's eagle raised on high,
Amid the stars' resplendence;
They freedom's eagle raised on high,
And swore to fight or bravely die,
If foreign despots dare deny
Columbia's Independence.

Bellona goads her foaming steeds,
Beneath her car oppression bleeds,
And tyranny with haste recedes,
With all its curst attendants;
Our patriot fathers gain'd the day—
Patriot fathers—patriot fathers—
Our patriot fathers gain'd the day,
For them and their descendants;
Our patriot fathers gain'd the day,
For which we raise the joyful lay,
And on our banners still display
Columbia's Independence.

Then freedom bade her temple rise,
Whose fabric every foe defies,
While joyous seraphs from the skies
Bestow their glad attendance;

And shades of martyrs smiling see—
Shades of martyrs—shades of martyrs—
And shades of martyrs smiling see
The joy of their descendants;
And shades of martyrs smiling see
Their sons united, brave and free,
And yearly hail, with mirth and glee,
Columbia's Independence.

PRINTERS' ODE.

Air—Anacreon in heaven.

From the crystalline courts of the temple of light,
The dove-eye of mercy to earth was directed,
Where mortals were grov'ling, deep shrouded in night;
For passion was worshipp'd and wisdom rejected:
Immersed in each ill
Of corrupted free-will,
Yet mercy was patient, and patience slept still:
For infinite Love had his banner unfurl'd,
And the precepts of wisdom were preach'd to the world.

But haughty ambition extended his reign,
And wielded the sceptre of magic delusion,
Held reason enshackled in tyranny's chain,
And govern'd by knowledge and learning's exclusion.
With mitre and hood,
Superstition and blood,
Corruption and vice deluged earth like a flood;

The blood-crimson'd banner of war was unfurl'd,
And knowledge and science were swept from the world.

Deep lock'd in the shrine of antiquity's lore,
The Scriptures of light were withheld unexpounded,
A counterfeit Peter still guarded the door,
And the seekers of truth were by error confounded.
Omnipotence saw—
Bade delusion withdraw,
And ordain'd that *our art* should promulgate his law.
Then Genius his fetters at tyranny hurl'd,
And *printing* appeared, to enlighten the world.

The blush of Aurora now lighted the east,
And banish'd the darkness of mystical terror:
Man sprang from the shrine of the mystical beast,
While prejudice own'd and relinquish'd his error,
The truth was received,
Admired and believed,
And our's is the art which the blessing achieved:
For now was the banner of wisdom unfurl'd,
And *printing* arose, like a sun, to the world.

The sage of Genoa, whose emulous soul,
By a flash from *our art*, glow'd with new inspiration;
In brilliant perspective saw glory's bright goal,
And enroll'd a new world on the page of creation.
With high-swelling breast,
Still onward he press'd,
Till Eden's bright regions appear'd in the west,

Each clime saw the canvas of Europe unfurl'd,
While *printing* taught commerce to polish the world.

But the sons of the west to more glory were born,
And to us shall proud Europe the laurel surrender;
For tho' her's was the blushing effulgence of morn,
Yet our's is the noon of meridian splendour;
For Heaven decreed
That Columbia be freed,
And *printing* and valour accomplish'd the deed.
The banner of war was by justice unfurl'd,
And freedom by *printing* proclaim'd to the world.

Our standard the eagle of liberty bears,
His eyes, like the stars that surround him, resplendent,
While the olive asks peace, every arrow declares,
Columbia for ever shall be independent;
For freedom is our's,
Nor shall Europe's mad powers
A feather e'er filch from our bird as he towers;
And while a free PRESS thus enlightens the world,
The banner of Liberty ne'er shall be furl'd.

MY LYRE.

Columbia call'd—to arms her heroes sprung,
I felt the impulse, and of glory sung;
Swept o'er the chords, assumed a loftier lay,
And venturous dared with bolder hand to play.

ART OF PRINTING.

Air—The Dauphin.

When o'er proud Tiber's flood
Fair Science rear'd her dome,
And Greece had lent her arts
To gild imperial Rome;
Ambitious Genius aim'd her flight
To seek unknown renown,
But, veil'd in sable shades of night,
She sunk bewildered down;
For fate to them denied the art
Which gives to knowledge birth,
Refines the human heart,
And scatters bliss on earth.

No soft refinements graced
Or harmonized the mind,
For maddening war's career
Left calmer joys behind;
The social ties which life endear
Their thoughts could ne'er engage;
The sympathetic smile and tear
Were lost in battle's rage:
For fate to them denied the art
Which gives to knowledge birth,
Refines the human heart,
And scatters bliss on earth.

Time told a thousand years
On his eventful page,
When *Faust*, at length, appears
To bless the happy age;
His plastic hand lends genius wings.
Bids wisdom proudly soar,
And infant learning joyful springs
With powers unknown before.
His was the heaven-descended art
To give fair knowledge birth,
To mend the human heart,
And civilize the earth.

The sun of science rose,
And chased the clouds of night;
While wondering realms survey'd,
Astonish'd at the sight---
The social arts, in wisdom's train,
With love and peace advance,
Teach man to feel his fellow's pain,
A brother's joy enhance.
Ours is the heaven-descended art
To give fair knowledge birth,
To mend the human heart,
And civilize the earth.

Hail, art of arts! all hail!
Thy praises mock the lyre;
To reach the boundless theme,
Its tones in vain aspire;

But grateful hearts, who feel the bliss
Thy magic power bestows,
Respond to every strain like this,
How dull soe'er it flows:
Our's is the heaven-descended art,
To give fair knowledge birth,
To mend the human heart,
And civilize the earth.

NEW-YORK.

As Freedom's first-born, this, our happy land,
First in the rank of nations still shall stand.
Here freedom, learning, piety, and worth,
Proclaim our country queen of all the earth;
To whom such boundless stores of bliss are given,
As mark her for the favoured child of heaven.
But, though each section of our realm be blest,
There's one, to me, still dearer than the rest,
'Tis that lov'd region, famed for arts and arms,
Where patriot virtue every bosom warms;
Where Literature has reared her classic dome,
And heaven-descended science finds a home;
Whose eldest city now can proudly vie
With any rival 'neath the western sky;
Whose towns, and hamlets, villages, and farms,
Are dress'd in art's and nature's richest charms;
While through the whole extends that lucid chain,
Which now unites fair Erie with the main!

PRINTING AND INDEPENDENCE.

Air—Rise, Columbia.

When, wrapp'd in folds of papal gloom,
Dark superstition awed the world,
Consign'd fair knowledge to the tomb,
And error's sable flag unfurl'd;
Earth heard the mandate from the skies—
"Let there be light—great ART, arise!"

Young Science wiped her tears and smiled,
And infant Genius plumed his wing;
The arts assemble round the child,
And all this glowing chorus sing—
Rise, sun of science! quick arise!
And lend thy light to darken'd eyes.

Our Art arose, and man had light,
The clouds of superstition fled,
The fiend of ignorance took his flight,
And Error hid his hateful head;
Whilst swell'd this chorus to the skies—
"Our Art shall live, and Freedom rise."

The goddess, who for ages past
Had wept beneath despotic night,
Her cankering fetters burst at last,
And claim'd the charter of her right,
While men and seraphs join'd this strain—
"*Printing* shall live, and Freedom reign"

Hail, Freedom! hail, celestial guest!
O never from thy sons depart;
Thine be the empire of the west,
Thy temple every freeman's heart;
The *Art of Printing* gave thee birth,
And brightens still thy reign on earth.

Arise, ye favour'd sons of light,
Professors of our heaven-born ART—
And in the chorus all unite,
While joy expands the throbbing heart;
"The *Art of Printing* shall endure,
"And Independence be secure."

HARK! THE CLAMOROUS BUGLE.

He...Hark! the clamorous bugle calls me,
Fare thee well, I must away;
She...How, alas! the sound appals me!
Heaven protect thee in the fray.
He.....Fame invites me,
She.....Danger frights me,
He.....Danger is the path to fame;
She.....Fame shall bless thee;
Love caress thee,
He.....Love and glory gild my name.
She...Hark! again the bugle loudly
Both.....Echoes through the leafy dell;
Warrior plumes are nodding proudly;
He...Glory calls me, fare thee well.
Both...Fare thee well, love, fare thee well.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ODE.

Air—Let Fame sound the trumpet.

Awake the loud trumpet, 'tis Freedom invites,
  Let heroes respond to the strain;
The olive of peace with the laurel unites,
  And music swells sweet o'er the plain.
Thy birth, Independence, by freemen be kept,
  Till Tyranny's banner be furl'd,
Till despots have bled, where their victims have wept,
  And Freedom has spread o'er the world.

When dark Superstition had fetter'd the mind,
  And Reason in bondage was bound,
The goddess descended to ransom mankind,
  And Genius arose from the ground.
The Press she establish'd, a pillar of fire,
  (While night's sable curtain was furl'd,)
Its splendour bade mystic delusion retire,
  And Printing gave light to the world.

The daring Columbus his canvas unfurl'd,
  A nation arose in the west,
The store-house of Europe, a mart for the world,
  A home for the poor and oppress'd.
Here Freedom's bright temple effulgent shall shine,
  Her flag o'er its turrets unfurl'd,
Our arms have twice saved it, 'twill never decline
  While Printing gives light to the world.

THE GRAND CANAL.

Air—Huzza! Here's Columbia for ever!

Triumphant! victorious! the rapturous lay
The voice of each freeman awakes,
For Neptune and Erie were wedded to-day,
The ocean is join'd to the lakes.
'Tis the triumph of *mind* over *matter* we hail,
In pæans of rapture and praise;
The genius of Clinton will ever prevail,
And light the whole world with its rays.
Huzza! huzza! huzza! for the work is completed,
The glory and pride of our state.

The waters have met, and they never can part,
While the earth shall continue to roll;
Of the universe now is our city the mart,
And its fame shall enlighten the whole.
'Tis the triumph of *mind* over *matter* we hail,
In pæans of rapture and praise,
The genius of Clinton will ever prevail,
And light the whole world with its rays.
Huzza! huzza! huzza! for the work is completed,
The glory and pride of the state.

CRITICISM.

To native genius would you prove a friend,
Point out his faults, and teach him how to mend.

HAIL TO THE ART.

Air—Hail to the Chief.

Hail to the Art, whose effulgence has brighten'd
The darkness that shrouded, for ages, the world;
Long shall her sons, by its lustre enlighten'd,
Wave the bright banner which Freedom unfurl'd.
Dark was the human mind,
And hood-wink'd reason blind,
While Tyranny gave to his war-steeds the rein;
Then Faust arose to bless,
And gave to man the press,
Free as the billows of Neptune's domain.

Then Liberty roused from the slumber of ages,
And taught a new nation to rise in the west;
While history, smiling, unfolded her pages,
And show'd the bright name of Columbia impress'd.
Long fought her patriot band,
Blood flow'd around the land,
Till liberty triumph'd o'er tyranny's powers;
The light which printing shed,
Like Sol's effulgence spread,
And glory, with bright Independence, was ours.

Beaming with splendour, from Liberty's altar,
Ascended the flame which our art had kept bright,
When demons united again to assault her,
Demolish her shrine, and extinguish its light.

Hark! trumpets sound alarms;
Drums, bugles, call to arms—
Arouse, freemen, rouse! to the field like your sires!
Soon shall the foeman yield,
Or fly the embattled field,
For Liberty triumphs while Printing inspires.

Twice have our arms Independence protected,
And twice haughty Britain has yielded the fight;
Long shall our valour and rights be respected,
Long shall the blaze of our glory be bright.
Then hail the heaven-born art,
Which first improved the heart,
And ransom'd the mind from the thraldom of sense;
Long shall Columbia bless
The free unshackled Press,
Liberty's Ægis, and Virtue's defence.

COLUMBIA.

Here freedom shall flourish a star in the west;
The dove and the eagle together shall rest;
While science shall glow with a lustre more bright,
And genius soar upwards on pinions of light.

The arts shall increase and refinement extend,
New graces to beauty shall piety lend;
The demon of selfishness shrink to his hole,
And the form of each action have *use* for its soul.

PRINTERS' JUBILEE.

Air—Hail to the Chief.

Hark! 'twas the trumpet of Freedom that sounded,
Millions of voices respond to the strain,
Hailing the day when an empire was founded,
Firm as our mountains, and free as the main!
Brightly the star of its glory is beaming—
Loudly the pæans of gladness arise;
Gaily our star-spangled banners are streaming;
Proudly our cannon are shaking the skies.
'Tis Freedom's Jubilee,
Then join ye brave and free,
Hail its return, independent and blest!
Wake music's sweetest voice,
Long may we thus rejoice!
Hail to Columbia, the queen of the west!

Dark was the gloom which her temple surrounded,
Sad were the sighs that exhausted her breath,
When, from its deep-vaulted roof, first resounded,
The soul stirring words—*Independence or Death!*
Franklin, the pride of our art and the nation,
Fixed on the charter of glory his seal,
Freemen confirmed it, with loud acclamation,
Heaven has sanctioned the solemn appeal.
Sons of the brightest art
Heaven can to man impart,
Join in the chorus—our country is blest—

This is her Jubilee,
Long shall her sons be free;
Hail to Columbia, the queen of the west!

Long was the struggle for freedom and glory;
Fierce was the conflict our fathers sustained;
Bright are their actions emblazoned in story:
Long may we guard what their valour obtained.
Hail to the art which such zeal could awaken!
Long may it flourish, their sons to inspire;
Freedom for ever the world had forsaken,
Had not the Press been "a pillar of fire."
Sons of the brightest art
Heaven can to man impart,
Join in the chorus—our country is blest;
This is her Jubilee—
Long may her sons be free—
Hail to Columbia, the queen of the west.

OUR COUNTRY.

Now Commerce revives, and her hundred wheels roll,
Our canvas is spread from equator to pole;
Antipodes gaze on our banner unfurl'd,
For the course of our eagle shall girdle the world.

The genius of plenty her office resumes,
The treasures of India—Arabia's perfumes,
Each gem and each fruit that the world can produce,
Her horn pours around for our pleasure or use.

THE JUBILEE.

Air—Anacreon in heaven.

While freedom's bright banner is waving unfurl'd,
And millions are hailing the birth of a nation,
Let the voice of our cannon proclaim to the world
The joy that we feel on this grand celebration.
Independent and free,
We swear still to be,
And bequeath to our children this bright Jubilee.
And millions unborn shall exultingly say,
A nation of freemen was born in a day.

But long was the conflict our fathers sustain'd,
For strong was the iron-nerved arm of oppression,
Till valour and justice the victory gain'd,
And wrung from the foe a reluctant concession.
In field, and on flood,
Mid torrents of blood,
Undaunted, the bulwark of freedom, they stood,
Till an empire was founded that ne'er shall decay,
When a nation of freemen was born in a day.

Their souls at no prospect of danger e'er quaked,
In securing the right of their grateful descendants,
For fortune, existence, and honour, were staked,
To support the bold charter of proud independence.
They swore to be free,
And the godlike decree
Secures us the bliss of this grand jubilee.

For an empire was founded that ne'er shall decay,
And a nation of freemen was born in a day.

The white dove of peace with her olive return'd,
By science, and learning, and genius attended,
On liberty's altar new incense was burn'd,
Where valour and love were in harmony blended.
In union combin'd,
They expanded the mind,
Till ocean, and rivers, and lakes are combined.
Thus an empire is founded, that ne'er shall decay,
Since a nation of freemen was born in a day.

Then wake the loud anthem in liberty's praise,
While millions unite in the grand celebration,
And the symbols of joy which our country displays,
Shall spread thro' the world a sublime emulation.
Till happy and free,
All nations agree,
To celebrate Liberty's grand jubilee.
And millions unborn shall exultingly say,
A nation of freemen was born in a day

OUR COUNTRY.

The names of our heroes, recorded by Fame,
Shall glow in her tablets in letters of flame;
And patriots, and sages, and bards yet unborn,
With splendour as brilliant the page shall adorn.

POEMS.

EPISTLES, TALES, RECITATIONS, &C.

THE ZODIAC.

Addressed to a young lady, on New-Year's Day.

Dear Julia—Philosophers gravely assert
That our beautiful world is a spherule of dirt,
That rolls, in a circuit, through regions of space,
And passes, each year, through the very same place;
That while it turns over, by day or by night,
We scarcely know whether we'er standing upright;
But, yet, that our love for it sticks us so fast,
We cannot fall off—but adhere to the last.

The truth of such doctrine I will not dispute,
Because I'm engaged in another pursuit;
Besides, since I first crept about this machine,
Such queer topsy-turvy manœuvres I've seen,
That twenty to one (as the learned have said)
But mortals are, half the time, heels over head.
Yet, still, as a poet, you know, I am bound
To believe that the sun always travels around

The turnpike of heaven, in chariot of fire,
Drawn rapidly onward by steeds that ne'er tire,
Nor stop to refresh, tho' they pass, as they fly,
The *signs* of a dozen fine *inns*, in the sky.

When last I address'd you, this bright charioteer
Was galloping on in his brilliant career,
The steeds from their nostrils still vomiting flame,
As past the next stage-house they rapidly came.
Poor Phœbus in vain might have thirsted for wine,
For nothing but water appeared on the *sign:*
So onward he drove in the bright starry zone,
And left the cold cheerless *Aquarius* alone.

The scaly star, *Pisces*, soon greeted his eye,
His old stopping-place, if the ancients don't lie,
Who counted this stage as the last on his rout,
Its sign is so tempting—a fine *salmon trout.*
But soon the fierce steeds left it far in the rear,
For another, that promised some *mutton*, was near;
That *Ram* which had once a fair rider upon't,
And let her fall plump in the famed Hellespont;
The crooked-horn *Aries*, whose rich golden fleece
Was carried by Jason, in triumph, to Greece,
Was the *sign* that invited the driver to bait,
But nothing, it seems, could induce him to wait;
A crack of his whip, and the mettlesome steeds
Start forward like lightning, while *Aries* recedes.

But Phœbus, 'tis said, when he saw the next *sign*,
Was almost determin'd to stop and to dine;

For the golden-horn'd *Bull*, which so gallantly bore
The lovely *Europa* to Crete's happy shore,
Invitingly promised, for hunger's relief,
A fine smoking sirloin of *English roast beef*.

Apollo, however, regardless of inns,
Drove onward, nor even accosted the *Twins*,
Those famous Tyndarian brothers, that dwell,
By changes alternate, in heaven or hell;
The comrades of Jason in winning the fleece,
Whose smiles, it is said, lull the tempest to peace,
If sailors sincerely their favours invoke,
To save from the wreck which the billows have broke.
Behind were the *Crab* and the *Lion* afar,
As well as the *Virgin*, Erigone's star;
Astrea's bright *balance* now glow'd on his sight,
It trembled—he threw in a handful of light,
And finding the darkness just equall'd the day,
He whipp'd up his horses, and posted away.
The *Scorpion* and *Centaur* he rapidly pass'd,
And *Pan*, his old friend, he saluted at last;
For his steeds, at the moment these verses were wrote,
Was galloping up to the *sign of the Goat*.
In pure native English, your minstrel would say,
That another New-Year is commencing to-day.

Dear Julia, may blessings attend its return,
While life's little taper continues to burn;
And then, when the last welcome summons you hear,
May you wake to a happy, thrice happy *New Year*.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

With a miniature volume of Montgomery's Poems, as published in Boston, 1807.

[A JUVENILE PRODUCTION.]

Accept, lovely maiden, this little bequest,
An advocate certain my suit to obtain;
To the generous, feeling, susceptible breast,
The muse of MONTGOMERY plead not in vain.

And when that sweet eye of cerulean hue,
Drops the warm tear of pity for virtue distressed,
Then think of the donor, whose sympathy true,
The number thou shed'st will engrave on his breast.

While *Switzerland's Wanderer* draws on the heart
For the tribute which sentiment e'er must bestow;
Then think of thy friend, in a far distant part,
A *Wanderer* press'd with his portion of wo.

And when o'er the *Grave* thou art bending with pain,
But a pain not unmingled with pensive delight,
Let one gem of pity be shed for the swain
Who is *buried* to pleasure, when banished thy sight.

While the tones of the *Lyre* brighten sadness to joy,
And thou hearest with rapture its solacing lays,
Remember the youth whose delightful employ
Is to sing to his lyre while it warbles thy praise.

The *Remonstrance* to *Winter* is heard and obeyed,
And Flora unfolds every beautiful hue;
But remember, tho' nature in spring is arrayed,
To me all is winter while absent from you.

The *Fowler's* simplicity cannot but please,
Religion has beauties that never decay;
E'en *Grief* has its *Joy*, and anguish finds ease,
In listening to pious Montgomery's lay.

Alexandria's Battle admire, not approve,
But haste from the scene to the *Pillow* for rest;
On the pinion of fancy then pensively rove,
But let thy friend's image still dwell in thy breast.

View *Brown* with compassion, breathe pity's soft sigh,
For sorrows unmerited, cruel, unjust;
But smile on the *Thunder-storm* rolling on high,
'Tis the voice of thy God, but he wars not with dust.

Hail the brave *Volunteers* of Albion's isle,
And cherish the patriot glow in thy breast;
St. Mark's ancient Vigil a tear may beguile,
Thy friend then remember, like Edwin distressed.

Remember thy friend—is the donor's request,
And this Advocate proffers his suit to obtain;
To the generous, feeling, susceptible breast,
The muse of Montgomery pleads not in vain.

THE SEASONS.

To the same, with a volume of Thompson's Seasons.

Julia—each season of the changeful year,
In every stage of fleeting time's career,
Comes with a wreath of joy around it thrown,
Some bliss, peculiar to itself alone;
For Heaven, throughout creation's wondrous plan,
Has had but one end—the happiness of man.

Pregnant with buds and flowers, the Spring appears,
Like a young bride, arrayed in smiles and tears;
Then sweetest odours float on every breeze,
And new-made liveries clothe the sturdy trees;
Each bush and shrub a verdant garb assumes,
The apple blossoms, and the lilac blooms;
A thousand flowerets in the meadow spring,
And feathered choirs their grateful anthems sing;
While vallies, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Hail, with delight, the bright return of May.

Then Summer comes, the noontide of the year,
When the sun gallops in his full career;
She comes—her brows with yellow wheat-ears crown'd,
Her laughing face by heat and toil embrown'd;
She comes with full and bounteous hand to bring
All that was promised by the hopeful Spring.
'Tis then the long protracted sultry day
Perfects the embryon blossoms on each spray;

Bids the young fruit with richest juices teem,
And blush and ripen in the solar beam;
Then scarlet strawberries court the eager taste,
And luscious melons yield a sweet repast;
While nectarious berries of each varied dye,
On every bush and bramble greet the eye.

Next, temperate Autumn comes upon the stage,
The sober mean 'twixt vigorous youth and age;
The evening twilight of the fading year,
When objects all in mellowest tints appear;
When feathered songsters cease their tuneful notes,
And liveried groves appear with yellow coats;
The fruit-trees then, with golden burdens bend,
And clustering grapes from shadowy vines impend;
Pomona's treasures lie in heaps around,
Scattered in rich profusion on the ground;
From juicy apples, tortured in the mill,
Sweet streams of grateful beverage distil;
While ponderous wagons every field displays,
Groaning beneath their loads of ripened maize.

Winter succeeds, with snow-wreaths on his brow—
Julia, I feel his icy fingers now!
Winter succeeds—the midnight of the year,
And all the fields are barren, cold, and drear;
He binds the streams and lakes in silver chains,
And hoary frost has candied all the plains;
The liveried trees their yellow coats forego,
And shivering stand, in shrouds of frozen snow;

While the chill'd sap leaves succorless the shoot,
And shrinks below, to cheer the dying root.

Nor is stern Winter's icy sceptre swayed
O'er sylvan scenes alone—his shafts invade
Our splendid city, too—and every street
Is rendered cheerless by his pointed sleet;
For every arrow from the *centaur's* bow,
Is tipt with ice, and feathered, too, with snow.
The Battery, now, each verdant charm has lost,
And e'en the Park is silvered o'er with frost;
Vauxhall and Castle-Garden, late so gay,
Where night gave place to artificial day,
Are now deserted—even Chatham mourns,
And all must droop till gentle Spring returns.

But still, amid his tempest's rude alarms,
Still Winter brings his own redeeming charms;
Pleasures to no preceding season known,
Delights peculiar to himself alone.
His gelid breath (a healthful vapour, which
Screws up this living lyre to concert-pitch)
Enriches every fluid, and preserves
An equal tension of the chords and nerves.
Elastic as the air, our spirits soar,
By heat and languor now depressed no more;
While health and vigour wanton through our veins,
And drive each *azure demon* from the brains.

But that blest space between the day and night,
A winter's evening, gives the most delight;

Sacred to friendship, love, and social mirth,
When kindred souls surround the blazing hearth,
Where wine, and wit, and sentiment abound,
And modest jests and repartees go round.
Or if the same domestic happy group,
Adjourn to hear our new Italian *troupe*;*
Or gaze intensely on the tragic scene,
When Conway, Cooper, Hamblin, Booth, or Kean,
Pours a bright flood of wonder o'er their minds,
And in his train the captive stranger binds;—
Whether they join in laughing with the pit,
At Barnes's humour, or at Hilson's wit;
Tremble at base Iago's cruel hate,
Or mourn for lovely Belvidera's fate;
Or weep, at Chatham, for poor Blanche's grief,
Inflicted by Clan Alpine's desperate chief;
And then, in pleased and breathless silence, hear
The requiem chanted o'er his silent bier;
Or with the brave Fitz-James, admiring view,
Fair Ellen guide her little frail canoe;
Or view the Ethiop, from the Turkish tomb,
Rise like a troubled spirit through the gloom;
Or should they mingle in the mazy dance,
Where hearts bound quick at beauty's tender glance,
'Tis still domestic bliss, wher e'er they roam,
For every place, to kindred hearts, is home.

But Winter's brightest joy, in towns like this,
Is yet unsung—I mean that scene of bliss

* This Epistle was written on Christmas Eve, 1825.

To which our annual holy-days give birth,
A foretaste of Elysium here on earth!
That period to generous hearts so dear,
That little week of joy that shuts the year,
And brings to light the bright auspicious morn,
When all unite to hail a New-Year born!

In all my wanderings thro' this vale of tears,
From infancy, to manhood's riper years,
Whatever pains assail'd, or griefs oppress'd,
Christmas and New-Year always saw me blest!
A lengthened absence o'er, how pleasant, then,
The friends I dearest love to meet again!
Grasp the warm hand, or share the fond embrace,
And see new smiles lit up in every face!
'Twas Christmas eve! the supper board was spread,
The fire blazed high, with logs of hickory fed;
The candles, too, unusual lustre lent,
Candles expressly made for this event.
Old tales were told, the cheerful glass went round,
While peals of laughter made the cot resound.
A thousand welcomes hail'd the truant boy,
And swift the moments flew on wings of joy;
Till (as they thought, too soon) the hour of prayer
Bade the young urchins to their beds repair.
But first the stocking, from each little leg,
Must be suspended to a hook or peg,
That *Santaclaus*, who travels all the night,
Might, in the dark, bestow his favours right;

These rites observed, they take a parting kiss,
And go to dream of morning's promised bliss!
Thus did a week of festive pleasures roll,
Till New-Year's happy morning crown'd the whole.

But though long past are days and joys so dear,
Others as sweet still crown each fleeting year;
E'en brighter pleasures, now, 'tis mine to prove,
In Julia's friendship, and my Lydia's love.
While our gay prattlers, innocent as young,
Re-act the drama here so coldly sung,
Accept this token of my pure regard,
The *Seasons*, sung by an immortal bard,
The peerless THOMPSON; hear his rural strains,
And you'll forget that blustering winter reigns;
Accept this tribute of a heart sincere,
And be you happy many a future year.

FASHIONS.

Addressed to my friend, G. P. Morris, Esq.

How fashions change in this inconstant world!
Powder and queues held undisputed sway
When I was young; anon, the hair was curl'd,
And, after that, the top-knot had its day.
The last, I understand, has given way
To Saunders' plain-cropt crown. So much for men—
The ladies—bless their pretty faces!—may
Recount a thousand changes to our ten.

There were the huge crape cushion, hoop, and stays,
To go no further back;—my mother wore them
Before her marriage;—and, in after days,
I've heard her wish that fashion might restore them
Short waists, and long, have had alternate sway,
Since hoops were banished, to the present day.

And I have prized them all—for I confess,
'Tis my opinion, that the virtuous fair,
While they derive no one new charm from dress,
Impart a charm to every dress they wear.

But *Fashion's* freaks, we know, are not confined
To the habiliments her votaries wear;
She even dictates to the immortal MIND,
And deigns to take beneath her tender care
Celestial genius, fancy, taste, and wit,
And e'en religion, too, must oft submit;
For since great Johnson frown'd upon dissenters,
'Tis the *establish'd church* that Fashion enters;
And were each *pun* a diamond, she'd not take one,
Because the Doctor had not wit to make one;
Just as the fox condemn'd the grapes as sour,
Because he found them not within his pow'r.

Mark but the movements of the goddess, through
A few short years:—Moore's Lyrics were in fashion,
Till Byron's vision burst upon the view,
Scattering, from demon wings, a storm of passion.

Then fashion taught her votaries to adore
The idol which tempestuous clouds environ,
And left the sweet elysian fields of Moore,
To wander o'er the Upas realms of Byron,
With bones of human victims covered o'er,
Or to the snow-capt mountain trembling soar,
Where huge volcanoes vomit quenchless flame,
Fierce as his soul, and brilliant as his fame.

Scott was, awhile, the star of the ascendant,
(If Scott wrote Waverly and Kenilworth,)
And dazzled with a glory as resplendent
As ever beam'd upon the moral earth
Since Shakspeare lived, whose magic pen
Explored the very souls of men:
Like his, for painting character and passion,
The muse of Waverly was long in fashion.

With all such changes in proud Albion's clime,
Allowing, say a month, for transportation,
Their humble parasites have here kept time,
In dress and morals, taste and conversation.
'Tis true, our wondrous spirit of *invention*
Has added to the stock of information,
And there are some improvements I could mention,
That add new lustre to our reputation.

Awhile ago, and Greece was all the rage,
That is, we felt enraged against the Turks,
And every daily paper had a page
Filled up entirely with their bloody works,

With battles, massacres, heroic deeds,
And self-devotedness of patriot men,
And cruelties at which the bosom bleeds,
When memory calls the picture back again.
Wives, mothers, maids, compelled to slay themselves,
Or yield to these infernal turban'd elves.

One general burst of honest indignation
Was heard throughout the land; our public halls
Echoed to strains of lofty declamation,
Or sweeter strains of fiddles—for our balls,
And every other pastime, were intended
To aid the cause which Grecian arms defended.
To save their sisters from such cruel foes,
Our patriot ladies danced with ceaseless ardour,
As some say *masses* for the sake of those
Whose destiny below is somewhat harder.
Whole families were doomed to starve for weeks,
(Who had no banker whom to draw for cash on,)
For splendid dresses worn to aid the Greeks!
But, recollect, the Greeks were then in fashion.

Fayette, who help'd to make Columbia free,
The man whom free-born millions now revere,
Great La Fayette, the friend of Liberty,
Has been in fashion more than half a year;
And will be so for centuries, no doubt,
For millions yet unborn shall shout his name,
And seek the dangerous path he singled out
To reach the summit of immortal fame.

Canals are much in vogue at present, though
'Twas once the fashion to oppose them;
From Maine to Georgia now, they're all the go,
And half her real wealth Columbia owes them.
E'en Darien, whose adamantine throne
Still dares two kindred oceans to divide,
Is doom'd to see its empire overthrown,
And commerce o'er its ruins proudly ride.

But there's one fashion I must not forget
On this occasion—one that's worth commending,
And justly venerated, you'll admit,
For its antiquity;—'tis that of sending
To some one we esteem on New-Year's day
A short, familiar, tributary lay,
Such as I now address to you,
Deficient both in sentiment and passion,
But ending with kind wishes, warm and true—
Accept it, George—for I must be *in fashion.*

May every bliss that heaven can give be yours,
While the brief term of human life endures;
Domestic joys, a moderate share of wealth,
Contented mind, vivacity, and health;
Friends that are faithful, able, and refined,
Children obedient—consort true and kind;
The *will* and *means* the child of want to save,
And thus secure a fund beyond the grave.
If these be yours, there cannot be a fear
But you will hail with joy the infant year.

TIT FOR TAT,

OR, THE COQUETTE PUNISHED.

Ellen was fair, and knew it too,
As other village beauties do
Whose mirrors never lie;
Secure of any swain she chose,
She smiled on half a dozen beaux,
And, reckless of a lover's woes,
She cheated these, and taunted those;
"For how could any one suppose
"A clown could take her eye?"

But whispers through the village ran,
That Edgar was the happy man
The maid design'd to bless;
For wheresoever moved the fair,
The youth was, like her shadow, there,
And rumour boldly match'd the pair,
For village folks will guess.

Edgar *did* love, but still delay'd
To make confession to the maid,
So bashful was the youth;
But let the flame in secret burn,
Certain of meeting a return,
When, from his lips, the fair should learn,
Officially, the truth.

At length, one morn, to taste the air,
The youth and maid, in one horse chair,
A long excursion took.
Edgar had nerved his bashful heart
The sweet confession to impart,
For ah! suspense had caused a smart
He could no longer brook.

He drove, nor slackened once his reins,
Till Hempstead's wide extended plains
Seem'd join'd to skies above;
Nor house, nor tree, nor shrub was near,
The rude and dreary scene to cheer,
Nor soul within ten miles to hear—
And still poor Edgar's silly fear
Forbade to speak of love.

At last, one desperate effort broke
The bashful spell, and Edgar spoke
With most persuasive tone;
Recounted past attendance o'er,
And then, by all that's lovely, swore
That he would love for evermore,
If she'd become his own.

The maid, in silence, heard his prayer,
Then, with a most provoking air,
She tittered in his face;
And said, "'Tis time for you to know
"A lively girl must have a beau,

" Just like a reticule—for show;
" And at her nod to come and go—
" But he should know his place.
" Your penetration must be dull,
" To let a hope within your skull
" Of matrimony spring.
" Your wife! ha, ha! upon my word,
" The thought is laughably absurd
" As any thing I ever heard—
" I never dream'd of such a thing."

The lover sudden dropp'd his rein,
Now on the centre of the plain—
" The linch-pin's out!" he cried;
" Be pleased, one moment, to alight,
" Till I can set the matter right,
" That we may safely ride."

He said, and handed out the fair—
Then laughing, crack'd his whip in air,
And wheeling round his horse and chair,
Exclaim'd, " Adieu, I leave you there
" In solitude to roam."
" What mean you, sir!" the maiden cried,
" Did you invite me out to ride
" To leave me here without a guide?
" Nay, stop, and take me home."

" What! take you home?" exclaimed the beau,
" Indeed, my dear, I'd like to know

"How such a hopeless wish could grow,
"Or in your bosom spring?
"Take Ellen home! upon my word,
"The thought's as laughably absurd
"As any thing I ever heard—
"I never dream'd of such a thing."

THE WHISKERS.

The kings, who rule mankind with haughty sway,
The prouder pope, whom even kings obey—
Love, at whose shrine both popes and monarchs fall,
And e'en self-interest, that controls them all—
Possess a petty power, when all combined,
Compared with fashion's influence on mankind;
For love itself will oft to fashion bow,
The following story will convince you how:

A petit maitre wooed a fair,
Of virtue, wealth, and graces rare;
But vainly had preferr'd his claim,
The maiden own'd no answering flame;
At length, by doubt and anguish torn,
Suspense, too painful to be borne,
Low at her feet he humbly kneel'd,
And thus his ardent flame reveal'd:

"Pity my grief, angelic fair,
Behold my anguish and despair;

For you this heart must ever burn—
O bless me with a kind return;
My love no language can express,
Reward it then with happiness;
Nothing on earth but you I prize,
All else is trifling in my eyes;
And cheerfully would I resign
The wealth of worlds, to call you mine.
But, if another gain your hand,
Far distant from my native land,
Far hence, from you and hope, I'll fly,
And in some foreign region die."

The virgin heard, and thus replied:
"If my consent to be your bride
Will make you happy, then be blest,
But grant me first one small request;
A sacrifice I must demand,
And in return will give my hand."

"A sacrifice! O speak its name,
For you I'd forfeit wealth and fame;
Take my whole fortune—every cent—"
"'Twas something more than wealth I meant."
"Must I the realms of Neptune trace?
O speak the word—where'er the place,
For you, the idol of my soul,
I'd e'en explore the frozen pole;
Arabia's sandy desert tread,
Or trace the Tigris to its head."

"O no, dear sir, I do not ask
So long a voyage, so long a task;
You must—but ah! the boon I want,
I have no hope that you will grant."

"Shall I, like Bonaparte, aspire
To be the world's imperial sire?
Express the wish, and here I vow,
To place a crown upon your brow."

"Sir, these are trifles"---she replied---
"But if you wish me for your bride,
You must---but still I fear to speak---
You'll never grant the boon I seek."

"O say!" he cried---"dear angel say---
What I must do, and I obey;
No longer rack me with suspense,
Speak your commands, and send me hence."

"Well, then, dear generous youth!" she cries,
"If thus my heart you really prize,
And wish to link your fate with mine,
On one condition I am thine;
'Twill then become my pleasing duty,
To contemplate a husband's beauty;
And gazing on his manly face,
His feelings and his wishes trace;
To banish thence each mark of care,
And light a smile of pleasure there.

O let me then, 'tis all I ask,
Commence at once the pleasing task;
O let me, as becomes my place,
Cut those huge whiskers from your face."

She said---but O, what strange surprise
Was pictured in her lover's eyes!
Like lightning from the ground he sprung,
While wild amazement tied his tongue;
A statue, motionless, he gazed,
Astonish'd, horror-struck, amazed.
So look'd the gallant Perseus, when
Medusa's visage met his ken;
So look'd Macbeth, whose guilty eye
Discern'd an "air drawn dagger" nigh;
And so the prince of Denmark stared,
When first his father's ghost appeared.

At length our hero silence broke,
And thus in wildest accents spoke:
"Cut off my whiskers! O ye gods!
I'd sooner lose my ears, by odds;
Madam, I'd not be so disgraced,
So lost to fashion and to taste,
To win an empress to my arms,
Though blest with more than mortal charms.
My whiskers! Zounds!" He said no more,
But quick retreated through the door,
And sought a less obdurate fair,
To take the beau with all his hair.

THE EXPERT FRISEUR.

The other day, a certain beau,
Before he could a courting go,
Must needs be dress'd; so off he flew
To the first shop that met his view;
"Come, barber," he exclaimes in haste,
"Display for once a little taste,
Exert your powers, and don't be stupid,
But make me pretty as a Cupid.
Consult my visage now with care,
And to my *looks* adapt my hair."
The man, a master of his trade,
His best abilities display'd;
And Cupid from his chair arose,
A finished beauty, we suppose;
Approach'd the glass, his visage spied,
Then turning to the barber, cried—
"Is this your boasted taste?—for shame!
Such dressing don't deserve the name;
My head, with all these curls and plaster,
Looks like the very devil, master."
The barber, in a humble tone,
Replied, "Dear sir, the fault's your own,
You bade me view your face with care,
And to your *looks* adapt your hair."

O be a man, and let proud reason tread
In triumph on each rebel passion's head.

THE HARD-HEARTED LANDLORD.

In Ormond's garret, near proud Hudson's stream,
Resided once a fond contented pair:
The youthful Edwin, just in wedlock join'd
To the dear object of his boyish love,
The fair Amelia. Though their humble hopes
Were bounded by necessity's demand,
They were but barely realized; and want
Would sometimes knock, but never dared intrude.
Yet still industry, by affection urged,
With frugal management, and sprightly health,
Secured them comfort and domestic peace;
Each homely meal receiving higher zest,
From being earn'd before it was enjoy'd.

One year roll'd round, and in their favour left
A trifling balance, after all demands
Were satisfied with scrupulous exactness.
Sacred treasure! for one fond event
Now hastening on, the consecrated boon
Was joyfully reserved; while smiling hope
Lent double vigour to the daily task
Which fed the pair, and saved the little fund.

But, ah! relentless fate had woes in store
Unmerited by virtue such as theirs.
The tender moment, destined to complete
Their little plan of happiness, arrived;
But only came to blast their fondest hopes.

The poor Amelia, after nameless pangs,
That push'd her to the precipice of fate,
And left her trembling on its dizzy verge,
Usher'd to light, but not to life, a babe.

Edwin, distracted, o'er the sufferer hung,
As though his loved Amelia's wasting life
Was with the web of his existence wove.
Night after night, and day succeeding day,
His eyes estranged from sleep, his frame from rest,
He watch'd her fading form, and by her couch,
Entranced in speechless agony, remained.

Physicians, nurses, nostrums, fuel, food,
And all the nameless calls of sickness, soon
Exhausted Edwin's little frugal store,
And nought but want, disease, and deep despair,
Remain'd the inmates of his drear abode.
The few utensils of domestic use
Their humble means afforded, one by one,
Were sacrificed to stern relentless want;
Till the poor couch on which Amelia lay
(The scene of all his joys and all his woes)
Alone remain'd of Edwin's worldly wealth.

'Twas at this crisis, while the husband stood,
Absorb'd in grief, beside the senseless fair,
His *landlord* entered. Ormond, who could count
The annual tribute of an hundred rents;
Ormond, whose coffers groan'd with their contents,

Came to demand the recent quarter's due!
The heart-broke mourner raised his humid eyes
And threw them round the desolated room,
Then, pointing to the melancholy bed,
Bade savage Ormond view his little all.
"Ha! swindling wretch!" the human monster cried,
"Your goods embezzled, and myself unpaid!
Thus every year some cursed loss like this
Have I to meet: but you shall not escape."
"Forbear!" cries Edwin, "and respect my grief!
This scene is sacred to despair and silence.
Let me but catch Amelia's parting breath,
Close her dear eyes, and give a farewell kiss,
Then, wretch! dispose of Edwin as you please."
"What little your dishonesty has left,"
Ormond replies, "this moment shall secure;
Your bed is mine!" A marshal, at his beck,
Entered the room, and both approach'd the couch.
Edwin, whose spirit sorrow had subdued,
Entreated, prayed, and on his knees implored
A little respite—but, alas! in vain!
With savage coolness, they commenced the task—
Amelia, writhing in the pangs of death,
They placed, ungently, on the cheerless floor,
Secured their prey, and saw the sufferer die!

POETRY.

Music's fair sister—for behold in each,
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master's hand alone can reach.

DOCTOR STRAMONIUM.

Air—Nothing at all.

A last and a lapstone, were once my delight,
And I sung while I hammered, from morning till night;
But all the day's earnings, at eve, I would spend,
Till the *thread* of my credit was brought to an *end*.

Spoken.

For I was up to a thing or two, and loved fun; passed the night in reciting Shakspeare at the ale-house, and kept myself awake the next day, by beating time with the hammer, while I sung—

Make a death, cut a stick, high time I tramp'd,
Rise again, tick again, credit new vamp'd.

2

I next taught the gamut, the sharps, and the flats,
To a nasal-twang'd bass, and a treble of cats;
Till my *private* duet with a miss, got abroad,
Which chang'd the *key note*, and produced a *discord*.

Spoken.

A little love affair, that ran *counter* to my wishes, and induced some slanderous tongues to pronounce the whole *tenor* of my conduct to be thorough *bass*. So, without venturing a *da capo*, I pocketed the *slur*, leapt the *bar* with a *quick movement*, and left the *flats* to harmonize as they could; for all the gossips had decreed that their daughters should have nothing more to do with my

Fa, sol, la; fa, sol, la; fa, sol, la, me;
Hop a twig, such a rig ought not to be.

3

A travelling merchant I quickly became,
With a new stock in trade, a new dress, and new name;
And I bartered my goods with such exquisite grace,
That I left a fair mourner in ever place.

Spoken.

"O Tabitha, what will become of me! The dear sweet Mr. Rover, (for that was my travelling name,) my dear sweet Mr. Ro-

ver, the pedler, is gone, and perhaps I shall never see him again. O dear!" "*Your* dear sweet Mr. Rover, indeed! I'd have you to know, cousin Keziah, that he is *my* dear sweet Mr. Rover, and he has left me something to remember him by."—"O the base, wicked deceiver! He has left me something too." Thus would they sympathize with each other, or tear caps for poor Rover, while I was unconsciously preparing a similar mine to spring in the next village; or jogging quietly along the road, inviting every one to buy my

Dutch ovens, cullenders, dippers and pans,
Broaches and buckles, with ear-rings and fans.

4

A schoolmaster, next, with a visage severe,
Board, lodging and washing, and twelve pounds a year,
For teaching the rustics to spell, and to read
The New-England Primer, the Psalter and Creed.

Spoken.

You must know, that I undertook to hammer a little learning through the calfskin'd pates of seventy or eighty square-toed, leather-headed numskulls. But after vainly trying the experiment at both ends of the patients, I lost my own patience, and my school into the bargain, and was glad to make a precipitate retreat with a whole skin; and this so forcibly reminded me of my musical scrape, that I struck up the old chorus of

Fa, sol, la; fa, sol, la; fa, sol, la, me;
Hop a twig, such a rig ought not to be.

5

I then became preacher without any call,
When a sweet village lass came to hear brother Paul;
And told her experience o'er with such grace,
That I gave the dear creature an ardent embrace.

Spoken.

There was the devil to pay, and poor I once more in the vocative. But, I made my escape to the back-woods, singing my old Crispin ditty——

Make a death, cut a stick, high time I tramp'd,
Rise again, tick again, credit new vamp'd.

And now a physician, with cock'd hat and wig,
I can feel ladies' pulses, look wise, and talk big;
With a fine ruffled shirt, and good coat to my back,
I pluck the poor *geese*, while the ducks exclaim *quack!*

Spoken.

"O Doctor, I am so glad you are come. I have such a consarned beating of the heart, that I can hardly draw my breath. Oh!" "Let me see your tongue, Miss."—"My tongue! Law souls, Doctor, what in the world has the tongue to do with the heart?" "In general, Miss, not much; but your case is an exception." "An exception! O goody gracious! now, you don't say so; is an exception a dangerous disorder, Doctor?" "Not at all dangerous, Miss. An application of stramonium externally, and copious draughts of catnip tea internally, will soon restore you."—The lady's heart becomes composed, I pocket my fee, and make my exit, singing——

Feel the pulse, smell the cane, look at the tongue,
Touch the gold, praise the old, flatter the young.

RAISING THE WIND.

Spoken by a Player, on the night of his Benefit

It's ever been the study of mankind,
In every station, how to raise the wind;
And who attempts it with the least address,
Is oft rewarded with the most success;
As many a novice, by a lucky throw,
Has foil'd the science of a veteran foe.

Raising the wind, however, I'll engage,
Is not confined to climate, sex, or age;
But is, in fact, the universal trade,
Of infant, parent, widow, wife, and maid.

Young master Fretful, spoil'd by fond mamma,
Espies a treasure in the sweetmeat jar;
And, if refused to taste the luscious store,
Tunes up his pipes to a melodious roar.

"Give him a rod!" the angry father cries;
"Nay, nay! my dear!" the tender spouse replies,
"You'll break poor Jacky's heart, or spoil his eyes;
'Tis hard to cross so innocent a wish—
Here, Jacky, take some, on this china dish;
Here, deary, wipe your eyes—papa's unkind"—
Jack smiles again—for he has raised the wind.

Tom Rustic throws the hoe indignant down,
Assumes his Sunday suit, and comes to town,
Obtains employment in a dry-goods store,
And soon forgets whate'er he knew before:
Commences dandy in his dress and air,
And learns to smoke and gamble, drink and swear;
Transform'd in manners, dialect, and feature,
Till his own parents scarcely know the creature.

"I say—Ned—demme—where was you last night?
We'd fun enough at Cato's—blame me tight!
I bilk'd the driver, too—ha, ha! keep dark,
Poor yellow Billy, down there by the Park:
You know that Hudson note—well, don't you think,
The fellow took it—gave the change in chink;
The rascal certainly was drunk or blind,
But, ha! ha! ha! egad, I raised the wind."

Sir Richard Rake, once lord of boundless wealth.
A bankrupt now, in fortune, fame, and health,
Becomes enamour'd of the widow Dash,
Possess'd of many thousand charms—in cash;
His passion knows no bounds—he kneels and sighs,
While his whole soul is beaming from his eyes.

"Divine, angelic creature! Here I vow,
This bosom never glow'd with love till now;
O, then, be kind, and grant my ardent prayer,
Nor doom a faithful lover to despair!
Your matchless charms"—
"O fie! Sir Richard, hush!
Such high-flown praises really make me blush;
Fled are the trifling charms which once were mine,
Though, to be sure, I'm only thirty——*nine*."

"Nay, hear me, dearest madam—though I prize,
Above all earthly good, those beauteous eyes!
It is your mental charms that touch my heart,
That cultivated mind, that heavenly part,
So high above the reach of flattery's art."

"And do you really think so?" "Shall I swear?"
"O no, I would not drive you to despair—
There—there's my hand—I cannot be unkind."
'Tis thus our fortune-hunters raise the wind.

But time would fail me, and your patience too,
Should I this boundless subject thus pursue,

And show the various arts by which mankind,
Of every grade, contrive to raise the wind.
The quack effects it, when and where he pleases,
By advertising cures for all diseases;
The politician gives his friends a lift,
Then takes the fattest office in their gift;
The Wall-street broker shaves you in a note,
The humble showman, with a learned goat.
A more adventurous soul will raise a breeze
By seal-clad natives brought from over seas;
While lottery venders, thinking fortune blind,
Assume her functions, and so raise the wind.

Not so your humble servant, whose sole wish
Was to prepare an intellectual dish
To treat his friends—and if he cannot raise
A gale of approbation in his praise,
Yet still he hopes his well-intended toils
Will meet the gentler sunshine of your smiles.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

Or, the City of New-York in an uproar.

The curtain rises, and the play begins—
Here at the corner, screened by oaken post,
The muse shall take her stand, and view the scene.
At every door, behold the ready cart
Receive its cumbrous load; the horse throws round
A glance of meek compassion, which to me

Speaks in a language, plain as brutes can speak,
"What a poor fool is man!" His driver swears,
Wives scold, dogs bark, cats mew, and children cry,
Pots break, chairs crack, pans ring, and jarring notes,
Of harshest discord, rise on every side.
There goes a matron with her looking-glass,
A legacy from mother to her child
For several generations, and she'll trust
None to remove it but her careful self.
But better had she stowed it on the car
Where all her baggage rides; for fate has doom'd,
(By sudden contact with a porter's load)
To dash the sacred treasure from her hand
On the unchristian pavements, where she views
Her scattered hopes in rude disorder spread,
Reflecting houses, passengers, and skies.
Here a full barrow, piled with feather-beds,
Pushed by a sturdy porter, runs you down,
Ere you can shun the danger; yonder goes
The sweating bearer of a precious load,
Baskets of china-ware, and sweetmeat jars,
And the cold relics of some late repast.
And here a lumbering cart moves slowly on,
Piled high with bureaus, bedsteads, tables, desks,
Chairs, cradle, rubbish, wash-tubs, kettles, pots,
Old empty barrels, benches, trammels, pans,
The fire utensils, carpet-rags, old books,
And musty pamphlets, oil jugs, bottles, frames,
Mats, brooms, Dutch-ovens, gridirons, griddles, jacks,
Trunks, piggins, toasters, pickle-pots, and all.

ADDRESS

For the Opening of the new Park Theatre—Spoken by Mrs. Barnes, in character of Melpomene.

What glorious vision bursts upon my view!
Does fancy mock me? No, 'tis true! 'tis true!
No false illusive dream of past delight,
But blest realities, salute my sight:
The ruthless fiend of ruin is displaced,
By beauty, fashion, elegance, and taste.
Thrill'd with such rapture as when first I press'd
The infant Shakspeare to this throbbing breast,
I hail the scene, my temple and my home,
While rays of beauty light the vaulted dome.
Despair, avaunt! the storm of grief is past,
And joy's bright sunshine gilds the scene at last!

Here, where the tragic muse has mourn'd so long
The sleep of passion, and the death of song,
Where o'er the urn of blighted hopes she hung,
With vacant, beamless eye, and silent tongue;
While shapeless heaps of ruins smoked around,
And desolation mark'd the blacken'd ground—
Here, from its ashes, see her temple burst,
With grace and splendour that surpass the first.
So from its parent's dust the phœnix springs,
With Eden's richest plumage in his wings;
Thus dazzling soars, unrivall'd, and alone,
His age a century, and a world his own.

Ye generous freemen, who in danger stand
The shield and bulwark of our happy land;
Who, mid the sweeter luxuries of peace,
Behold your greatness with your arts increase;
Whose liberal minds throw lustre on the age,
O still protect and patronise the stage;
That bright auxiliar in refinement's cause,
Which raised proud Greece to what at length she was,
Invited forth, and scattered, unconfined,
The boundless treasures of a Shakspeare's mind;
And taught the vulgar barbarous sons of strife
The gentler courtesies that sweeten life.

Ye freeborn fair, who grace Columbia's clime,
Whose bosoms glow with sentiments sublime;
Whose smiles inspire the actions they reward,
Whose tears embalm the virtues they applaud;
Still let those smiles and tears alternate prove
That wit can charm, that sympathy can move.
And while your hearts celestial truth revere,
Still condescend to trace her picture here;
Still let your presence consecrate the art
That holds a mirror to the human heart;
That shows the black and hideous form of vice,
And raises virtue's worth beyond a price;
That culls the fruits of fancy's wide domains,
That calls from poesy her sweetest strains;
That teaches young affection what alone
Can make a virtuous, manly heart, her own;

And shows to art how vain are all its wiles,
That he who wins must first deserve your smiles.

Columbians, all! ye patriots, and ye fair,
Still let the drama claim your generous care;
Cherish'd by you, it will the champion prove
Of freedom, virtue, and the arts you love;
So shall this city, by refinement blest,
Become the pride and mistress of the west;
So shall your country rise to greater fame,
And endless glory gild Columbia's name.

MORNING.

An Extract from Beasts at Law.

The morn, in purple glories dight,
Now burst upon the rear of Night,
Who, gathering up his lurid vest,
Is swift retreating towards the west.
All nature wakes from soft repose,
The flowers their dewy breasts unclose,
Where insect tribes their votaries pay,
And sip their nectared sweets away.
The birds commence their matin song,
And streams of music float along:
The herds their grassy couch forsake,
To crop the mead, or taste the lake,
And all commence the infant day,
As toil or pleasure points the way.

MELODIES.

RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND ELEGIAC.

SIN NO MORE.

A song of gratitude begin,
To praise the God who saves from sin;
Who marks the penitential tear,
And deigns the contrite sigh to hear;
Who whispers hope, when we our sins deplore—
"Thy God condemns thee not—offend no more."

But ah! such love can ne'er be sung—
Such boundless grace!—by mortal tongue;
For e'en celestial minstrels deem
Their highest skill below the theme;
Yet mortals can, with gratitude, adore
The God who pardons all that sin no more.

Dear Lord! is this condition all—
To fight the foes that wrought our fall?
Thus arm'd with hope, I'll quell a host,
Nor let so cheap a heaven be lost;
O then repeat the sweet assurance o'er,
"Thy God will not condemn thee—sin no more."

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

There is a Philosophy, hollow, unsound,
To matter confining its false speculations;
Whose flight is confined within Nature's dull round,
Its pinions the web of sophistic persuasions.

And there's a Philosophy truly divine,
That traces effects up to spiritual causes,
Determines the link of the chain where they join,
And soars to an infinite height ere it pauses.

That meanly debases the image of God,
To rank with the brutes in the scale of creation.
This raises the tenant of light from the sod,
And bears him to heaven, his primitive station.

Hail, science of Angels! Theosophy, hail!
That shows us the regions of bliss by reflection;
Removes from creation's broad mirror the vail,
Where spirit and matter appear in connexion.

It breaks on the soul in an ocean of light,
She starts from her lethargy, stretches her pinions.
Beholds a new world bursting forth on her sight,
And, soaring in ecstacy, claims her dominions.

A sense of original, dignified worth,
Her bosom expands with sublime exultation;
She tastes immortality even on earth,
In light that eclipses the sun's emanation.

Be sages and pedants to nature confined,
As the bat darkly flutters in Luna's pale presence;
I'll soar, like the eagle, through regions of mind,
In the blaze of that Sun which is truth in its essence.

AND DID I SAY.

And did I say, my lyre should sleep,
Because no laurels deck'd it;
That I no more its chords would sweep
Because its lay is valued cheap,
And all the world neglect it?
I did—but felt not then the flame
Which now within me blazes,
Nor reck'd of His eternal claim,
Who gave the lyre to sing His name,
And utter forth His praises.

But now that lyre shall sleep no more,
Nor wake to earthly measures;
But every strain it warbles o'er,
Shall that Eternal Source adore,
Whence flow immortal pleasures.
No more I prostitute its lay,
To subjects evanescent;
But sing those scenes of endless day,
Where angel harps in rapture play,
And praises flow incessant.

WEEPING MARY.

Imitated from the Latin, in the Catholic Hymn-book.

Weeping Mary, bathed in sorrow,
Linger'd near the scene of horror,
Where the dying Saviour hung;
From whose bursting heart arising,
Groans of anguish agonizing,
Floated o'er His fevered tongue!

O what sorrow, deep, unbounded,
That maternal bosom wounded,
Once the Saviour's couch of rest!
How she wept to see Him languish,
How she trembled for the anguish
Labouring in His guiltless breast!

Who could witness, without weeping,
Gushing streams of sorrow sweeping
Down the mother's pallid cheek?
Who, with bosom unrelenting,
Could behold her thus lamenting,
Looking what no tongue could speak?

While such pangs as fiends invented,
Still her suffering Son tormented,
Scorn and bruises, stripes and death;
She beheld Him thus expiring,
Human friends in fear retiring,
Whilst in groans He spent His breath!

Matchless mercy! love amazing!
Far above our feeble praising,
Far beyond our humble lays;
May its influence never vary,
Till my heart, like that of Mary,
Glow with a seraphic blaze.

Gracious Saviour, now in glory!
Be this sad affecting story
Deeply on thy soul imprest!
May the scene of such affliction,
Bring the hardest heart conviction,
Melt the most obdurate breast!

EPITAPHS.

O who, that beheld her delectable smile,
When lent to the hopes of her parents awhile,
And read in the glance of her infantile eye
A soul of affection that never can die;
Attended the silvery tones of her tongue,
And fancied a seraph had spoken or sung;
Survey'd her dear form, as the model of beauty,
When moving in acts of affection and duty—
But ready assent to this precept has given:
Of such is the kingdom of Jesus in Heaven.

Sacred to Virtue, let this marble stand,
And time forbear the tablet to destroy,
Whose lay disarms the king of terrors' hand---
"*Death is the gate to everlasting joy.*"

THE INCARNATION.

Air---New Sabbath.

O for a Seraph's golden lyre,
With chords of light, and tones of fire,
To sing that wondrous love
Which brought a Deity below,
To save an erring race from wo,
And give them joys above.

O may that love inspire my soul,
Till such ecstatic numbers roll,
As were by angels given;
To tell Redemption's wondrous plan,
How Heaven descended down to man,
That man might rise to Heaven.

His creatures fell—no pitying eye,
No powerful arm to save, was nigh,
Or aid our feeble powers;
He saw—He came—He fought alone,
And conquered evils not his own,
That we might conquer ours.

Temptation's thorny path He trod,
In form, a man—in soul, a God,
And trod the path alone;
In vain the direst fiends assail'd,
His mighty arm of power prevail'd,
And hell was overthrown.

He pass'd the dismal vale of death---
The human form resign'd its breath,
And like a mortal died;
But death was crush'd beneath His feet,
He rose a God and Man complete,
His human glorified.

Amazing mercy!---love immense!
Surpassing every human sense,
Since time and sense began!
That man might shun the realms of pain,
And know and love his God again,
His God became a man!

EPITAPH.

She is not here---'tis but her veil of clay
That moulders into dust beneath this stone;
Mary herself, in realms of endless day,
Has put a robe of fadeless glory on.

This monumental urn is not design'd
To tell of beauties withering in the tomb;
Her brightest charms were centred in a mind
Which still survives, and will forever bloom.

Yet may this marble teach the solemn truth,
That virtue only can true bliss impart;
While neither friendship, beauty, health, nor youth,
Can shield the breast from death's insatiate dart.

NEW JERUSALEM.

Air—Hotham.

Rich in mercy, Jesus reigns,
Heaven owns no other king;
Crown Him, mortals, in your strains,
While His matchless grace you sing.
Angels wake their loftier lays,
Kindled from celestial fires,
Humbler spirits bid His praise
Sweetly flow from silver lyres.

Mortals! catch the pleasing strain,
Gratitude demands the song—
Jesus builds His church again,
Where your Babel stood so long.
Truth divine her wall supports,
Love has paved her streets with gold;
See her jasper towers and courts,
Gates of pearl that never fold.

Pilgrims! enter and rejoice—
Here your Saviour holds his throne;
'Tis the City of His choice,
'Tis the Church He calls His own.
Precious gems, on every side,
Lend new lustre to her charms—
'Tis the Lamb's celestial Bride,
Smiling in her husband's arms.

REGENERATION.

Blessed is the man who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, &c.—Psalm i. 1, 2, 3.

How happy the man who discards from his breast
The lusts and the passions which daily molest;
Who heeds not their counsel or softest persuasion,
But treats them as foes upon every occasion.

Tho' the sunshine of peace such a bosom illume,
Or nights of temptation involve it in gloom;
Whatever his state be, with calm resignation,
He looks to the Word of his God for salvation.

And the Word of his God, like a river of truth,
Gives each young-budding virtue the vigour of youth;
While practical love is still tempered by reason,
As the green leaflet decks the ripe fruit in its season.

Thus regeneration proceeds from the Word,
If we combat our evils, and trust in the Lord;
Then prosper, dear Saviour, each humble endeavour,
And thine be the glory, for ever and ever!

BE WISE!

The graver moralist resumes his theme,
To wake the soul from error's fatal dream;
To show the path which leads to solid bliss,
The happy goal which slaves of passion miss.

REDEMPTION.

Redemption claims our highest lays,
To Jesus Christ belongs the praise;
The lofty theme should fire the soul,
And music's richest numbers roll.
Our blest Redeemer is the God we own,
Then swell the chorus to His name alone.

Unseen, unknown, and unreveal'd,
No creature's eye our God beheld,
Till He the wondrous work begun,
And showed the Father in the Son;
Jehovah now as Jesus Christ is known,
Then swell the chorus to his name alone

From heaven His pitying eye surveyed
The ruin sin on earth had made;
He saw His creatures run the road
Which led from happiness and God;
He saw, and saved—the work was all his own,
Then swell the chorus to His name alone.

Swift from supernal realms of day,
Seraphic minstrels wing'd their way,
To hail the great Redeemer's birth,
And publish peace to men on earth:
"To God give glory"—sung the joyous throng,
Let men and angels still repeat the song.

Alas! no human accents can
Express the love of God to man;

Who, to redeem a sinful worm,
Assumed the human mind and form;
Was born a man, that man might be re-born!
Then let us praise Him on His natal morn.

BRIGHT IS THE WORD.

Arranged and published by E. Riley.

Bright is the Word, 'tis light divine,
A Sun that will forever shine,
To light us o'er the pathless sand,
From Egypt to the promised land.
Then swell the anthem to its author's praise,
Who through the world extends its cheering rays.

Clear is the word, whose living stream,
Reflecting love's celestial beam,
Thro' every sterile desert rolls,
Imparting life to dying souls;
The tree of life adorns its verdant brink,
It flows to all---and all may freely drink.

Then let the grateful anthem rise
To God, the only good and wise,
Who bids the heathen hear his voice,
And in his boundless love rejoice.
The light shall spread, the bounteous river flow,
Till all the earth a Saviour's love shall know.

THE NATIVITY.

Air---Hail to the Chief.

Strike the loud anthem, to hail the blest morning,
Jesus the Saviour an infant appears;
Lo! in the East, a new day-spring is dawning!
Hark! the glad tidings which sound in our ears!
On this auspicious morn,
To us a child is born,
Glory to God in the highest be given;
Hail our Redeemer's birth—
Good will and peace on earth—
Man shall again have conjunction with Heaven.

Hark! 'twas the voice of a seraph that sounded—
Shepherds of Judea start with surprise,
While, with a radiance of glory surrounded,
Troops of bright angels descend from the skies.
Now loud the choral strain
Swells round the happy plain,
Glory to God in the highest be given;
Hail our Redeemer's birth—
Good will and peace on earth---
Man shall again have conjunction with Heaven.

Hail to the Saviour, descending from Heaven,
To build him a kingdom which never shall cease;
The Child that is born and the Son that is given,
Is God everlasting, the great Prince of Peace.

Praise Him with grateful lays,
Pour forth the soul in praise;
The government rests on His shoulders alone:
In Him the Godhead dwells
Which has subdued the hells;
And God the Creator as Jesus is known.

SEEK YE THE LORD.

Ye sons of men, come, seek the Lord,
While yet He may be found;
He'll meet you in His holy Word,
Where love and truth abound.

Call on Him while He yet is near
To hear a sinner's call;
A humble penitential tear
Will never vainly fall.

Let man forsake the sinner's road,
Discard each vicious thought,
Return to Jesus, as his God,
And be by Jesus taught;

Then will the Lord his mercy show,
His pardon freely give;
Then man his only good will know,
And in that knowledge live.

GOD IN HIS TEMPLE.

Music by E. C. Riley.

God is in His holy temple,
Sons of earth, be silent now;
Hither let the saints assemble,
And before His footstool bow.
Lo, He's present with us ever,
When assembled in His name;
Aiding every good endeavour,
Guiding every humble aim.

God is in His holy temple,
'Tis each renovated mind;
Where the purer thoughts assemble,
While the base are cast behind.
Every earthly, low affection,
Long opposed, is silent now;
Every passion, in subjection,
Must at Wisdom's altar bow.

God is in His holy temple,
'Tis the church He calls His own,
'Tis the city where assemble
All who worship Him alone.
New-Jerusalem the holy
Is the city of our God,
There our Saviour governs solely,
With the balance and the rod.

God is in His holy temple,
'Tis the body of our Lord;
Infidels may doubt and tremble,
We have learn'd it from His Word;
From the Word which wrought creation,
From that Word which flesh became,
Which alone can give salvation---
God and Jesus are the same.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

In life's parterre, what numerous germs disclose
The loveliest tints, the sweetest blushing dyes!
The enraptured florist views the opening rose,
Screens it from every ruder wind that blows,
And richer future charms in embryo espies.
But, ah! the spoiler stalks abroad, whose breath
Is pestilence, whose chilling touch is death!
With merciless hand he crops the flower,
And all its promised beauty flies,
It falls beneath his baneful power,
Its sweets are scattered in an hour;
It shrinks, it withers, droops, and dies.
Yet, mourn not, ye, whose fostering love and care
To culture a beloved plant has fail'd;
'Tis but transplanted to a garden, where
Eternal summer smiles; 'twill flourish there
In living hues, by spoilers unassail'd.

THE WIDOW.

We parted: Oh! it was a painful hour!
Not that I thought him lost to me for ever,
I knew that mighty love's resistless power
Would re-unite us, ne'er again to sever;
For we are wedded—not as thoughtless mortals,
Incited only by terrestrial views,
Enter that sacred fane's mysterious portals.
Our souls are wedded; that assurance strews
My widowed path with flowers of fadeless hues.

Yet is the briefest parting hard; for love,
Deprived of wisdom, is a rayless sun;
A summer midnight, when no star above
Throws down one cheering ray; 'tis GOOD, *alone*,
Without her partner TRUTH; or it resembles
Warm melting CHARITY, intent to bless,
When, without FAITH to guide her steps, she trembles
O'er the dark scene of human wretchedness,
Wondering if Heaven *permits* or *wills* distress.

'Twas hard to part; and while his spirit hovered
On the cold lips my kisses could not warm,
I prayed and murmured; but, alas! when covered
By the dark pall, they bore that manly form
To its cold grave, I lost the pang of sorrow,
For reason fled, and I'd a dreamless sleep;
But woke, in anguish, on the coming morrow,
No more to murmur, pray, or even weep,
For grief is ever silent when it's deep.

Humbled to earth, my self-upbraiding soul,
With mental tongue, exclaim'd, *Thy will be done!*
When, through my bosom, such a feeling stole
As mocks the power of language; it was one
Of those delicious thrills of nameless rapture
We feel, when conscience, Heav'n, and friends approve;
When earthly joys have lost their power to capture;
For REUBEN's spirit whispered, "*Peace, sweet dove,*
*We're join'd for ever, in Conjugial Love.**

TO THE REV. J. HARGROVE,

On hearing him preach on the Pleasures of Religion.

When o'er the sacred desk, with modest grace
And lowly meekness, bends thy reverend form,
While the great theme that animates thy face,
Bids every bosom glow with transport warm—

How could I listen to the heavenly theme,
Forget the pleasures that entice me here,
Think human life a transitory dream,
And wish, with thee, to gain a higher sphere!

Go on, thou champion in the cause of truth,
Armed by thy Saviour, still the foe engage;
Still charm from vice the steps of ardent youth,
And strew with rosy hopes the path of age.

* From the Latin term *conjugiale*, a higher degree of union than is understood by the term *conjugal*, which is from the Latin word *conjugale*.

THE WORLD OF MIND.

First day of Creation.

There is a world—the world of mind,
By neither time nor space confined;
And when we cease in flesh to dwell,
That world will be our heaven or hell.

By fallen nature, 'tis, alas!
A rude, chaotic, shapeless mass;
Devoid of goodness, truth, or light,
And veil'd in blackest shades of night

But He who gave creation birth,
Can re-create this mental earth;
For this His spirit, like a dove,
Broods o'er our secret thoughts in love

If we consent to be renewed,
And wish our evil lust subdued;
"Let there be light," He says, and straight
We see our low disordered state.

Then do we seek to know the Lord,
Receive instruction from His word;
While He divides the day from night,
And we proceed from shade to light.

Lord, let thy spirit, like a dove,
Brood over all our souls in love;
Then give us light our state to see,
And we will give the praise to thee.

THE WORLD OF MIND.

Second day of Creation.

Our God can re-create,
And form the soul anew;
And all who will co-operate,
Shall find His promise true.

When we permit His light
Our evils to reprove,
And then those evils boldly fight,
He will the whole remove.

Though hard the contest prove,
And doubtful seem the fray,
He hovers o'er us with His love,
Till we have gain'd the day.

The Lord will then create
A firmament sublime,
Celestial thoughts to separate
From those of sense and time.

We then no more believe
The work to be our own;
But all of good that we receive
Ascribe to God alone.

Thus will a second birth
Form heaven within the soul,
And man, a new created earth,
In order's orbit roll.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

Air—Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea.

Sing to Jehovah an anthem of praise,
And tell of His glory in rapturous lays;
Sing of His triumphs when demons assaulted,
When hosts of infernals His human assail'd,
The hells were subdued, and the Victor exalted---
Like man He was tempted---like God He prevail'd.
Sing to Jehovah an anthem of praise,
And tell of His triumphs in rapturous lays.

Praise Him, ye ransomed---He conquered for you,
Who fled from your sins, and beheld them pursue;
Whelming your spirits in deep tribulation,
But Jesus was present, a pillar of fire,
And led you in safety through seas of temptation,
In which you beheld each assailant expire.
Sing to Jehovah an anthem of praise,
And tell of His triumphs in rapturous lays.

Praise Him who conquer'd our spiritual foes,
When fierce, like an army of horsemen, they rose,
Threatening again in their shackles to bind us;
Through billows of trouble He led us to shore,
While the horse and his rider were founder'd behind us,
O'erwhelm'd in the gulf, to assail us no more.
Sing to Jehovah an anthem of praise,
And tell of His triumphs in rapturous lays.

OPEN THE DOOR.

Air—New Sabbath.

That God who calls the human mind,
A temple for himself design'd,
  A house upon a rock---
Assures us He will patient wait,
In mercy, at the mental gate,
  And for admittance knock.

Who hears the gracious call within,
And draws the iron bolts of sin,
  Which barricade the door,
Will banquet with a guest divine,
On life-imparting food and wine,
  From Love's exhaustless store.

Come, then, dear Saviour---be my guest,
Knock louder at this flinty breast,
  And rouse me with thy voice;
Then will I struggle to remove
The sins which now obstruct thy love,
  And in that love rejoice.

Thou wilt not let me strive in vain---
The gates of brass shall burst in twain,
  The iron bars shall fall;
Then will my soul thy temple be,
Where I shall ever feast with thee,
  My God, my life, my all!

HOW SHALL I COME BEFORE HIM?

How shall we sinners come before
Our blessed Saviour's dazzling throne;
Or how acceptably adore
The great redeeming God we own?

Shall fatlings on His altar burn,
Or oil in bounteous rivers flow?
Will God be pleased with such return,
For all the mighty debt we owe?

Or shall we burst the tenderest tie
That binds the throbbing seat of sense,
And with our body's offspring buy
A pardon for our soul's offence?

Ah! no---a humble, contrite heart,
Is all the offering God requires;
Our only sacrifice, to part
With evil loves and false desires.

O let us, then, no longer stray,
Along the dangerous paths we've trod;
For he has plainly show'd the way
Which will conduct us back to God.

'Tis but to regulate the mind
By the pure precepts of his word;
To act with truth and love combined,
And humbly imitate the Lord.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Air—Magdalen.

Almighty God! 'tis right, 'tis just,
That earthly frames should turn to dust;
But, ah! forgive the wishful tear,
That would detain a *spirit* here.

Go, gentle babe, to realms of bliss,
The chastening rod we humbly kiss;
Thy Saviour calls thee home, my son,
And let his holy will be done.

Thy earthly form, now icy cold,
Was framed in beauty's fairest mould;
But now, prepared by love divine,
A fairer, brighter form is thine.

Thy *earthly parents* loved thee well—
So much, that language fails to tell;
But, ah! *our* love was weak and poor,
Thy *heavenly Parent* loves thee more.

Here, thou wert tenderly caress'd,
Upon a fond maternal breast;
But angel-nurses, forms of love,
Shall now caress my babe above.

Fain would paternal love have taught
Thy little opening world of thought;
But we the pleasing task resign
To heavenly schools, and books divine.

'Twas all our thoughts and wishes still
To guard our darling here from ill;
But that great God who call'd thee home,
Has saved from greater ills to come.

Then let us hush the rising sigh,
And bid affliction's tear be dry;
Our child still lives, his sorrows o'er,
Where we shall meet to part no more.

There, shall the sweet maternal kiss,
Increase his joy—enhance his bliss;
There, through redeeming love and grace,
The father shall his son embrace.

Almighty God! 'tis right, 'tis just,
That earthly frames should turn to dust;
But, O the sweet, transporting truth—
The soul shall bloom in endless youth.

EPITAPH.

This frail memorial cannot tell his worth,
For brighter virtues seldom bloom on earth;
Nor in one heart such various beauties blend,
As husband, father, mason, christian, friend.
These duties done, to heaven his spirit bears
The widow's blessing, and the orphan's prayers;
For such his active charity has bless'd,
And they must love him most who knew him best.

A MONODY

On the death of a highly-esteemed Friend...A. D. 1807.

My lyre, which erst to friendship tuned, I woke
In strains the sacred theme inspired,
While with its flame the glowing chords were fired,
Ah! sad exchange! the tie of friendship broke,
By death dissolved, must make its sadder theme!
While every falling note with wo shall teem!
To FLORIAN's early fate the muse shall pay
Sincere affection's purest lay;
The emanation of a grief-fraught soul,
The real feelings of an honest heart,
Unfeign'd, and unadorn'd by art,
Who all her paler hues from nature stole.

Ye youths, ye virgin train,
Whose eyes to his responsive smiled,
When festive rites the hours beguiled,
With me complain!
Me, whom the closer link of friendship join'd
To his expanded heart—where truth, combined
With every glowing grace, superior shone;
With me commingle sympathetic tears,
While faithful *Memory* shall own
His worth, his virtues, past!
She bids retrace the journey of his years,
Review the path, nor see a blemish cast.

Flush'd by the balmy spring of youth, he rose,
In life's parterre, a flower of fairest hue;
Denied affection's fostering, pearly dew,
Parental sunshine—yet his tints disclose
Beauty internal—fragrance all his own;
Benevolence conspicuous shone,
And nectared charity distill'd
In grateful odours!—Who beheld him bloom
And yet their love withheld?
Who, could they have foreseen his early doom,
But would have shed anticipated tears;
Withheld the victim from the insatiate tomb,
If prayers could hold, for many, many years?

But prayers, nor youth, nor virtue, nought avail
Against diseases, ministers of death!
The tyrant claims our forfeit breath,
And who his claim withstands? Entreaties fail!
One gift alone can make us scorn the foe,
Though not his shaft evade;
The heavenly gift our Saviour brought below,
Religion, sweet, celestial maid!
By thee sustained, the darkened path grows bright,
And leads to realms of everlasting light!
Cease, then, my tears, to flow,
Cease, sighs, to murmur wo,
This peerless guide my friend secured,
While he the ills of life endured;
Cheered by a seraph's song,
The youth she led along

The gloomy path—its roughness fled,
And *Terror* hid his grisly head;
The gate of Paradise displayed
Cherubs in robes of light arrayed:
And songs re-echoed through the empyreal dome,
As heavenly minstrels hailed him welcome home!

But selfish sorrow will intrude—
The loss is ours—and nature will be heard
Till sorrow is subdued
By cooler *reason's* unimpassioned sway;
The worth we loved, the virtues we revered,
We must lament when torn away.
So young, to fall! but youth, as hoary age,
Finds no respect! The infant dies
When scarcely entered on the stage;
His part to ope, and then to close his eyes.
Some claim a longer scene, and bustle round
Their little walk, with rant and sound;
The curtain drops, and they are seen no more!
Few labour onward through the tedious play
Till life's allotted, farthest verge is o'er,
Then fall like fruit when autumn melts away.
Thus is it ordered, ORDER'S Source to please;
Who will impeach His infinite decrees?

Granted, 'tis just—yet sympathy must weep—
To see him hastening to the silent dead
Without a kindred tear of sorrow shed!
Nor bosom where to fall asleep!
Nor hand to close his eyes!

Strangers that mournful task performed!
Yet strangers here were friends; their tears, their sighs,
From bosoms flowed by purest feelings warmed.
Friends tied by nature could no more;
Nor more sincerely such a loss deplore.
Might fond fraternal offices assuage
The pangs of sore disease?—these too denied!
For ah! a brother still of lesser age,
At distance languished, while his brother died!
No tender sister weeping o'er his bed!
No anxious father soothing with his love!
No mother! God! I touch a tender string!
My heart's acutest nerve—its vital thread;
Struck too unkindly, tears of crimson move,
And wakened sorrow whets her blunted sting!

O grant, ye powers that rule the lives of all,
If I am doomed, like him I mourn, to fall—
Far from the bosom of my home,
Where fate may call, and I may roam—
O grant my wish—may hearts like those which bled
O'er Florian's corse, mourn too for me;
Such be the strangers round my bed;
Such be the tears they shed,
Whoe'er they be:
Such be the sacred care my ashes find,
When death has closed the scene:
Such be the impression on the youthful mind,
When followers round my grave convene;
But more than all—may I, like him, arise,
And join my friend in worlds beyond the skies.

A DIRGE,

On the Deaths of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.
July 4, 1826.

The strains of joy no longer float,
Or thrill upon our raptured ears,
But Sorrow wakes her saddest note,
And millions are dissolved in tears.

A nation, clad in sable weeds,
The dark habiliments of grief;
A nation famed for matchless deeds,
Weeps for a father and a chief.

Columbia mourns, though not bereft
Of all which makes existence dear,
For blessings, joys, and hopes, are left,
Which brighten in affliction's tear.

Yet still she mourns—for they are gone,
Whose wisdom raised her fame so high,
Whose god-like acts her name adorn
With honour that can never die.

Who framed that bold, that dauntless chart,
Which gave a mighty empire birth,
Aroused to freedom every heart,
And spread its influence thro' the earth.

Who in her service laboured, both,
And ask'd no recompense but this,
To watch her greatness in its growth,
Promote her fame, and share her bliss.

And Heaven vouchsafed to grant the boon
'Till half a century had passed,
Until her sun had reached its noon,
There to be fixed while time shall last.

Then burst, with joy, their mighty hearts,
And set their raptured spirits free,
So Sol, in flood of light, departs,
And sets in glory's dazzling sea.

In peace the reverend sages slept,
Adorned with honours, crowned with years,
And angels smiled, while nature wept,
A silvery shower of sparkling tears.

Then, freemen, mourn—but not as those
Whose hopes are laid beneath the sod,
For your lamented chiefs repose
Upon the bosom of their God.

Mourn for the worth which all admired,
Now crowned with heavenly diadem,
And be with emulation fired
To live, to act, to die, like them.

A MONODY,

On the Deaths of the Ex-Presidents, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson, July 4, 1826.

The mid-day peal of joy had rung,
When Sol, in his car of glory,
A radiant glance from the zenith flung,
On a spot far famed in story.

He gazed on the scene, but sought in vain
For that band of patriot sages,
Whose deathless names alone remain,
Emblazoned on History's pages.

All, all were gone, but the godlike THREE
Revered by a grateful nation,
And they were our *Adams*, our *Carroll*, and *he*
Who drafted the DECLARATION.

He thought of the time, when in deep despair,
Columbia's troops were receding,
For millions were now rejoicing where
Her heroes then lay bleeding!

"'Tis done!" he cried, "and this JUBILEE
"Shall long be remembered in story,
"For TWO of the patriot godlike THREE,
"Shall depart in this blaze of glory."

He said, and amidst the joy and mirth,
(For the mandate had been given,)
The spirit of JEFFERSON rose from earth,
To meet its reward in Heaven.

He soared on high, to his place of rest,
With cherubim attendants,
And he smiling soared, for his country was blest
With FREEDOM and INDEPENDENCE.

One glance of love was downward cast,
Like a beam of celestial glory,
O'er *Quincy's* reverend sage it pass'd,
Renowned like himself, in story.

He felt the ray, and his mighty heart
Burst with the sweet emotion,
'Twas the year and the day he had prayed to depart
In the fervour of pure devotion.

Together they gained the elysium bower,
By angels received with gladness,
While nature wept in a silvery shower,
But not with tears of sadness.

Together they toiled for their country's good,
In her darkest hour of danger,
Together the arm of oppression withstood,
Each heart to fear a stranger.

Together they soared to realms of bliss,
In a world of fadeless splendour;
Together their names shall live in this
While LIBERTY has a defender.

HAPPINESS.

An Extract from Quarter-Day.

Who then is happy? Ere she close the strain,
The muse herself shall answer. 'Tis the man
(Of easy fortune and a generous heart)
Whose charity by wisdom is directed;
Who loves his God, his neighbour, and himself,
In just descending order; whose employ
Is doing good to others; whose reward,
The bright reflection of the joy he gives.
Like a mild taper in a diamond lustre,
Which multiplies one little ray to thousands,
His means of blessing still increase by use.
Not all the *Horrors of the first of May*,
Can shake the solid peace of such a man.
The changing seasons, times, events, and all
The various scenes that chequer human life,
And e'en the chilling adverse storms of fate,
Serve but to ripen the celestial fruits
His active love produces; draughts of bliss
He quaffs for every little taste he gives,
And finds a heaven in wishing others there.
To seek for happiness in things of sense,

In wealth, ambition, pleasure, or supineness,
Is but a vain exertion—idle hope;
For then we chase a transitory cheat,
And leave the game, the real prize, behind,
Hid in contentment's calm sequestered vale,
While we toil up the mountain's rugged side,
Tempting new dangers, and exposed to all
The storms that beat ambition's bleaker road;
Or perils worse than these, concealed beneath
The treacherous sweets that bloom in pleasure's path,
A thousand serpent-stings, unseen, but fatal.
And if in dastard indolence we rest,
Our lazy hopes are certain of defeat.
Then learn the true, the only real source
Whence happiness can flow— a precept drawn
From holy writ this heavenly source proclaims—
"To fear the Lord, and his commands obey,
Is man's whole duty," in a single line;
An easy yoke, a burthen light to bear.
'Tis but to love in *heart* and *action* both—
For *love* is the fulfilling of the law.

EPIGRAM.

"'Tis priestcraft all," the impious atheist cries,
"The world was made by *chance*—the Bible lies!"
'Twere useless such assertions to repel;
But what if *chance* has also made a hell?

CONSECRATION.

Jesus is God, and God alone,
O, be this TRUTH confest,
For 'tis the sure *foundation stone*
On which the church shall rest.

Though modern builders pass it by,
And scribes and priests reject,
On this blest TRUTH, which they deny,
We now the church erect.

Though earth and hell against it join,
Yet must this building rise;
The work, Almighty God, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes.

FLORIAN'S GRAVE.

Extract from a Poem entitled New-Haven.

Here while I stray, beneath this poplar gloom,
Friendship demands a tear for yonder tomb;
Where, freed from all the cares that life attend,
Reclines fair Virtue's and the Muses' friend.
When first these grateful scenes allured mine eyes,
He taught me where to rove, and what to prize;
When pensive Vesper led the starry train,
And Cynthia's splendours mark'd the eastern main,
Here would we ramble, while the sighing breeze

Waved the tall verdure and disturb'd the trees;
Weave in our converse threads of moral thought,
And scan the truths surrounding emblems taught;
Then with warm ardour dart our rapid view
Through present clouds to scenes of brighter hue;
Anticipated joys we hoped to share,
And in imagination revell'd there;
Laid future plans of happiness and ease,
When love and fortune would unite to please;
With rapture dwelt upon the grateful theme,
And with regret dismiss'd the waking dream.
Yes, 'twas a dream! and I remain to prove
That both were shadows, promised wealth and love,
Whilst thou wert call'd from visionary scenes
To real pleasures and eternal greens,
Ere sad experience taught the cruel truth
That shadows only tempted ardent youth.
Florian! 'tis mine to wish that Heaven's decree
Had snatch'd us both from this tempestuous sea,
That life had ended ere despair begun,
And, as below our hopes, above our joys been one.

POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

AN ODE,

For the Grand Canal Celebration, November 4, 1825

'Tis done, 'tis done!—The mighty chain
Which joins bright ERIE to the MAIN,
For ages, shall perpetuate
The glory of our native State.

Tis done!—Proud ART o'er NATURE has prevailed!
GENIUS and PERSEVERANCE have succeeded!
Though selfish PREJUDICE assailed,
And honest PRUDENCE pleaded.

'Tis done!—The monarch of the briny tide,
Whose giant arm encircles earth,
To virgin ERIE is allied,
A bright-eyed nymph of mountain birth.

To-day, the *Sire of Ocean* takes
A sylvan maiden to his arms,
The goddess of the crystal lakes,
In all her native charms!

She comes! attended by a sparkling train;
The *Naiads* of the West her nuptials grace;
She meets the sceptred father of the main,
And in his heaving bosom hides her virgin face.

Rising from their watery cells,
Tritons sport upon the tide,
And gaily blow their trumpet-shells,
In honour of the bride.
Sea-nymphs leave their coral caves,
Deep beneath the ocean-waves,
Where they string, with tasteful care,
Pearls upon their sea-green hair.

Thetis' virgin train advances,
Mingling in the bridal dances;
Jove, himself, with raptured eye,
Throws his forked thunders by,
And bids Apollo seize his golden lyre,
A strain of joy to wake;
While Fame proclaims that *Ocean's Sire*
Is wedded to the goddess of the *Lake*.
The smiling god of song obeys,
And heaven re-echoes with his sounding lays.

"All hail to the ART which unshackles the soul!
And fires it with love of glory!
And causes the victor, who reaches the goal,
To live in deathless story!

" Which teaches young Genius to rise from earth,
On fancy's airy pinion,
To assert the claims of its heavenly birth,
And seize on its blest dominion.

" The ART which the banner of Truth unfurl'd,
When darkness veiled each nation,
And prompted Columbus to seek a new world
On the unexplored map of creation.

" Which lighted the path of the pilgrim band,
Who braved the storms of ocean,
To seek, in a wild and distant land,
The freedom of pure *devotion*.

" Which kindled, on Freedom's shrine, a flame
That will glow through future ages,
And cover with glory and endless fame
Columbia's immortal sages.

" The ART which enabled her FRANKLIN to prove,
And solve each mystic wonder!
To arrest the forked shafts of Jove,
And play with his bolts of thunder.

" The ART, which enables her sons to aspire,
Beyond all the wonders in story;
For an unshackled PRESS is the pillar of fire
Which lights them to Freedom and Glory.

"'Tis this which called forth the immortal decree,
And gave the great work its first motion;
'Tis done! by the hands of the brave and free,
And ERIE is link'd to the OCEAN.

"Then hail to the ART which unshackles the soul,
And fires it with love of glory,
And causes the victor who reaches the goal,
To live in deathless story."

Such strains—if earthly strains may be
Compared to his who tunes a heavenly lyre—
Are warbled by the bright-haired deity,
While listening orbs admire.

Such strains shall unborn millions yet awake,
While, with her golden trumpet, smiling Fame
Proclaims the union of the Main and Lake,
And on her scroll emblazons CLINTON'S name.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

In this vast rising empire of the west,
With freedom, science, fame, and plenty blest,
Where earthly comforts in profusion flow,
Each virtuous bosom must with rapture glow;
For here, where Liberty her fane has built,
No grief is found, but in the path of guilt;
No pains, nor fears, the good man's heart annoy,
No tears are shed but those of sympathy or joy.

THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY.

Air—Miss Bailey.

Ye gentlemen and ladies fair,
Who grace this famous city,
Just listen, if ye've time to spare,
While I rehearse a ditty;
And for the opportunity,
Conceive yourselves quite lucky,
For 'tis not often that you see,
A hunter from Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky.

We are a hardy free-born race,
Each man to fear a stranger,
Whate'er the game, we join in chase,
Despising toil and danger;
And if a daring foe annoys,
Whate'er his strength and forces,
We'll show him that Kentucky boys
Are "alligator horses."
Oh! Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky.

I s'pose you've read it in the prints,
How Packenham attempted
To make Old Hickory JACKSON wince,
But soon his scheme repented;

For we with rifles ready cock'd,
Thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around the General flock'd
The hunters of Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

You've heard, I s'pose, how New-Orleans
Is famed for wealth and beauty—
There's girls of every hue, it seems,
From snowy white to sooty;
So Packenham he made his brags,
If he in fight was lucky,
He'd have their girls and cotton bags,
In spite of Old Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

But Jackson, he was wide awake,
And was'nt scared at trifles;
For well he knew what aim we take,
With our Kentucky rifles;
So he led us down to Cypress swamp,
The ground was low and mucky;
There stood John Bull, in martial pomp,
And here was Old Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

A bank was raised to hide our breast,
Not that we thought of dying,
But then we always like to rest,
Unless the game is flying;

Behind it stood our little force—
None wished it to be greater,
For every man was half a horse,
And half an alligator.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

They did not let our patience tire,
Before they showed their faces—
We did not choose to waste our fire,
So snugly kept our places;
But when so near we saw them wink,
We thought it time to stop them;
And 'twould have done you good, I think,
To see Kentucky pop them.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

They found at last 'twas vain to fight
Where lead was all their booty,
And so they wisely took to flight,
And left us all the beauty.
And now, if danger e'er annoys,
Remember what our trade is,
Just send for us Kentucky boys,
And we'll protect you, Ladies.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

That vast extensive region of the west,
So long by Spanish tyranny oppress'd,
Has risen in her might, and bravely broke
Her galling shackles and degrading yoke.

PRIZE ADDRESS,

On the Opening of the La Fayette Circus, for which was awarded a Silver Cup, of Fifty Dollars value.

The cultured mind, accustomed to explore
And taste the choicest sweets of classic lore,
With rapture dwells on each inspiring lay
That paints the *sports* of Grecia's proudest day;
When the throng'd *stadium* rang with loud acclaims,
To hail the victor in her *manly games;*
Those *daring feats* which famed Alcides taught,
To nerve the limb, and elevate the thought;
Feats which the royal Iphitus restored,
And consecrated to the powers adored;
Which gave to Greece a wreath of fadeless bloom,
And raised the glory of imperial Rome.

There, the fleet courser, with an eye of flame,
Bold, like his rider—and as proud of fame.
Impatient champ'd the bit, or pawed the ground,
With ear erect, to catch the trumpet's sound;
Then, with a speed that mock'd the passing wind,
Spurn'd the dull earth, and left the world behind.
And with him flew—erect upon his feet!
The bold equestrian, through the furious heat,
Reckless of danger—(such are Grecians still)—
The rein submitted to the courser's will,
While, at the target, with unerring art,
The fearless rider threw the whizzing dart!

Or, with a harness'd pair, of equal speed,
Vaulted with matchless grace, from steed to steed,
While mingled sounds of wonder and applause
Proclaimed the deepest interest in his cause;
Till, past the goal, and claimant of the prize,
When peals of acclamation pierced the skies.

With feats like these, to charm the present age,
And join the *stadium* to the modern stage;
To elevate the pleasures of the ring,
By every aid dramatic art can bring—
For this, you see, another fabric reared
Where late a dreary, barren waste appeared!
For this, kind patrons, we would humbly sue,
To dedicate the tasteful fane to you.

Here shall Latona's bright-hair'd son impart
The sweetest lessons of his tuneful art;
Here may the eye of taste admire the speed,
And graceful prowess, of the generous steed;
And here, in pleased astonishment, may scan
The still more wondrous active powers of man.
Here, studious votaries of the classic page
May view the feats of Grecia's golden age;
Feats which secured the victors of the game
Unfading honours, and a deathless fame;
Inspired her youth with that chivalric glow
Which urged them onward to subdue the foe;
Which fired her sons with emulative zeal,
To rise the guardians of their country's weal;

To which she owed the glory of her state,
And that unconquered pride which made her great;
Preserved her freedom—gained the world's applause,
And prompts her now to be what then she was.

And if like causes like effects produce,
If you admit the *stadium's* wondrous use,
May not a thousand equal blessings spring
From such achievements as shall grace our ring?
May not our patriot youth, who here perceive
What sprightliness and courage can achieve,
Be fired with emulation to command
"The fiery steed, and train him to their hand!"
To vault, like feathered Hermes, on his back,
And fearless guide him to the fierce attack;
To wield the sabre, or direct the dart,
And boldly practice each equestrian art;
To wrestle, leap, or throw the ponderous quoit,
And bear away the palm in each exploit?

Yes, generous patrons—thus our gallant youth,
Champions of freedom, honour, love, and truth,
Will learn to guard the sacred rights you prize,
And raise Columbia's glory to the skies;
In every clime behold her flag unfurl'd,
Till Freedom's golden star shall light the world.

The cross is rear'd, the Turkish cresent wanes,
Grecia no more shall wear a despot's chains.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH.

Air---Hail to the Chief.

Bright were her smiles, when the blushing Aurora,
Greeted the newly-born hope of the west;
Phœbus, advancing in chariot of glory,
Gazed with delight on the infantile guest;
Seraphs, commission'd to watch o'er his slumbers,
Shake from their pinions the odours of bliss;
While, in the softest and sweetest of numbers,
Hark! they are chanting an anthem like this:—
Bright heir of endless fame,
Thine be a deathless name,
Thine be a glory to brighten the earth;
Then shall a nation join,
Round Freedom's sacred shrine,
Hailing the day of our WASHINGTON'S birth.

Fame heard the chorus, and braided the laurel,
Mars caught the tidings, and burnished his shield
Ruthless Bellona prepared for the quarrel,
Justice presented her sword for the field;
Jove, from Olympus, beheld and commended,
Armed his own eagle in Liberty's cause;
Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, descended,
Bearing the new Constitution and Laws:—
While o'er her hills and plains,
Swell'd these seraphic strains,
Rise, blest Columbia, the Queen of the Earth;

Soon shall your tyrants flee,
Soon shall your sons be free,
Hail to the day of your WASHINGTON'S birth.

Hope smiled extatic, while Freedom, delighted,
Fix'd on a scite for her temple to stand;
There is her altar erected and lighted,
Thence does its splendour illumine the land;
Hail an event of such glory and splendour,
Waken your pæans to Washington's name;
Champion of Freedom, our nation's defender,
Hero and statesman, eternal his fame;
Still round our verdant plains,
Swell these seraphic strains,
Rise, blest Columbia, the Queen of the Earth
Still shall a nation join,
Round Freedom's sacred shrine,
Hail to the day of our WASHINGTON'S birth.

TO AMY.

What if the awful mandate should be given,
By Him who spoke creation into birth,
To blot for ever from the map of heaven,
The polar star—would this enamoured earth
Still pay its adoration to the spot
Where once it twinkled? Banish such a thought—
Believe me, dearest Amy, it would not.

And would the widowed needle still present
Its polished point, to where that planet shone?
Would all its mystic powers be idly spent,
Its homage paid to vacancy alone,
While Love's warm star was beaming in the west?
O no—its influence soon would be confest,
And, till it pointed there, the trembler would not rest.

Such is the heart—its favourite star is gone,
And is it doomed to tremble without rest?
O, must such matchless beauty waste alone,
Designed by heaven to make a lover blest?
O, no, dear girl! defeat not heaven's design,
Reward my love, O, say thou wilt be mine,
Or give me leave to hope, and I will not repine.

NEWSPAPERS.

A Paraphrase on part of Cowper's Task.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
(So Cowper sang, in strains divinely sweet,)
To peep at such a world; and as it turns,
Survey at ease, the globe and its concerns;
To seem advanced to more than mortal height,
With this vast spherule rolling in your sight;
To view the noisy Babel from a cloud,
Behold the bustle, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the mighty din she sends around,
At a safe distance, where the dying sound

Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear,
And thus to scan the whole without a fear.
The sound of war, if such a scene you view,
Loses its terrors ere it reaches you;
And desolation, caused by hostile arms,
Excites your pity, grieves, but not alarms;
Perhaps you mourn the avarice and pride
That render man a cruel fratricide;
And at the echo of those thunders start,
In which he speaks the language of his heart;
Perhaps you wonder as it floats around,
And sigh, but never tremble, at the sound.

As roves the bee, when vernal flowers expand,
So roves the traveller from land to land,
Where manners, customs, policy, and scenes,
Pay contributions to the stores he gleans;
Still like the bee, in Summer's blushing prime,
He sucks intelligence from every clime;
And on returning to his native shores,
He thus spreads out his hoarded honied stores,
And welcomes all—a rich repast for you,
For as he travelled, you can travel too;
Ascend his topmast, through his piercing eyes
Behold new countries in the distance rise:
With sympathising feeling, tread his deck,
Or cling, in terror, to the midnight wreck!
With kindred heart, you suffer all his woes,
Share his escapes, his comforts, and repose.
Thus may your fancy the great circuit roam,
While (like a dial's index) safe at home.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Suggested by viewing Mr. Goodacre's Grand Orrery.

Behold yon orbs, in paths harmonious, run
Their destined courses round the parent sun;
Grand correspondent of that sun above,
Whose light is wisdom, and whose heat is love.
There *terra* rolls—a speck upon the sky,
Less than a speck to some more distant eye;
Suppose, that on the surface of that ball
Myriads of little thinking insects crawl,
Whose trembling spark of life, at longest, burns
While round the sun they make an hundred turns
And then expire; suppose your eye could trace
The various movements of this tiny race;
Suppose you saw a few ambitious mites
Attempt to lord it o'er their fellows' rights;
Or view'd a host, who placed their hope and trust
In hoarding glittering grains of yellow dust;
Or thousands, whose ambition but aspired
To see their gaudy hues awhile admired;
Or millions, whose less innocent intents,
Concentrate in the groveling joys of sense---
Would you not think they marr'd their Maker's plan?
Then blush, proud mortal—such, alas! is man:
Such follies, or such crimes, apply to all
The busy insects of our native ball—
And were not aid divine in mercy given,
Each had forever lost his destined Heaven.

But think not, vainly, that the human race
Is limited to such contracted space;
Dream not that those bright orbs were set on high,
To run their various courses through the sky,
For ornament alone—ignoble thought,
To reason listen, and be better taught!
Know that Eternal Love conceived the plan,
And love eternal rests at last on man;
For each *effect* its energies produce,
Is wrought by wisdom, and its *end* is use;
Hence learn that every moving twinkling light
That decks the azure vault of heaven, at night,
Is round a central sun resistless hurl'd,
Itself a ponderous globe—a peopled world:
A world, perhaps, unstained by crime or blood,
Where social love prefers its neighbour's good;
Where every joy derives its sweetest zest
From the fond wish of making others blest
Where Heaven-born charity exerts her powers—
A world of bliss, as man might render ours.
Such peopled orbs in countless numbers fly
In never-varying order through the sky;
And all with one accordant voice proclaim,
The power which made and still supports their frame.

Presumptuous Atheist! if such wretch exist,
Can thy vain reasoning proofs like these resist?
Say, can these planets, in harmonious dance,
Perform their revolutions thus by chance?

Perish the thought!---rise from thy native clod,
Renounce thy error, and confess a God.
For though with every mortal honour clad,
"An undevout Astronomer is mad;"
Conviction seals thy lips—presume no more,
But in mute wonder tremble and adore.

TO HARRIET.

New-York, January 1st, 1825.

'Twas near that "witching time of night,"
When *spectres* walk, and *poets* write;
The play was out, the shops were closed,
And all the labouring world reposed;
The waning moon was yet asleep,
Or had not risen from the deep;
The Bridewell's trusty sentinel
Had cried aloud that *all was well!*
And some one, near the Debtor's Jail,
Had echoed back the *lying tale!*
When, in my elbow-chair reclined,
The form of Harriet cross'd my mind,
And I resolved to frame a lay,
Addressed to her, on New-Year's day:
But strove in vain---for every Muse
Appeared determined to refuse
The smallest favour I could ask---
And I resign'd the hopeless task;

Sank backward in my crazy chair,
The haggard picture of despair!

When, suddenly, my vision failed!
And such a sound my ears assailed,
As filled my trembling heart with dread,
And shook the rafters o'er my head!
('Tis true, just then, I can't deny,
Four hackney coaches thundered by;)
Grimalkin gave a dreadful scream!
(She might have had a frightful dream;)
And Pug emitted such a groan,
As if some cur had stole his bone!
I felt my creeping blood recoil!
The lamp burnt blue!---(it wanted oil;)
My bristling hair now stood erect!
(For lack of combing, I suspect;)
My eye-balls, in their sockets, glared!
A certain sign that I was scared.
I listened, still, in breathless dread,
To hear the slow and heavy tread
Of some ascending footstep near,
Which fell like lead upon my ear!
Nor listened long---my garret door,
Which has been safely latched before,
Without a touch, wide open flew!
And what a *spectre* met my view!

An old decrepid sage appeared,
With hollow cheek, and snowy beard;

A wrinkled forehead, soaring high
Above a deeply-sunken eye;
With head quite bald, except before,
Where one long silver lock he wore;
One arm a ponderous scythe sustained,
One hand an hour-glass, almost drained,
In which the sand was wasting fast---
(The recent year was almost past;)
'Twas father TIME!---I knew him well,
And hailed him welcome to my cell;
Intreating him awhile to stop,
To warm his hands, and take a drop.

"*Time never stops!*" he hoarsely cried,
"For no one tarries time nor tide!
Though all abuse me, as I pass,
And strive to break my scythe and glass;
Though all *misuse* and treat me ill,
Yet I keep jogging forward still.
But having ever met from *you*
That courtesy, to old age due,
Which you are exercising now,
(I smiled, and made my prettiest bow,)
I felt inclined, in passing by,
To let you know the reason why
The Muses came not at your call---
They're going to the New-Year's ball,
For which they practised all last week,
And at this moment, while I speak,

Are chatting, though 'tis dark and misty,
With fair *Langlois* and lively *Christie*;
And then, at such an hour, you know,
'Tis requisite to have a beau;
Of course, it naturally will follow,
That their gallant is gay Apollo.
No wonder, then, that you, in vain,
Have summoned this Parnassian train;
For let the fair but scent a ball,
And all, but Death, may vainly call.

"But fare you well! I cannot stay,
For ere these sands have run away,
The *custom-house* of Heaven will *clear*
An out-bound ship—the good *Old-Year;*
And there's another one, I learn,
Belonging to the same concern,
Full freighted, just come in from sea,
Arrived below, consigned to me;
And ere the hour of twelve be toll'd,
Her precious cargo must be sold;
Comprising minutes, hours, and days,
And other goods above all praise;
Put up in lots, as each prefers,
To suit all sorts of purchasers,
A day, a week, a month, or year,
And I must play the *Auctioneer.*
Come with me, and attend the sale,
'Twill serve you for a new-year's tale,
Your Harriet's fancy to regale.

No sooner had the spectre spoke,
Than quick I seized my hat and cloak,
And sallied forth, with hope inspired—
The citizens had all retired,
One "guardian of the night" except,
Who on a *stoop* securely slept.
My sage companion tottered on,
Exclaiming—"Going!—going!—gone!
A YEAR, in months, or weeks, *for sale!*
Who bids for part, or all the bale!
What for an hour?---or twenty-four?
With privilege of taking more!
Who bids!—the sale's without reserve,
And none must from the contract swerve."

"Put up," exclaimed a bright-wing'd elf,
"Each moonlight evening by itself;
The summer ones so much I prize,
I'll bid a thousand tender sighs."
"Once! twice! a going!—who bids more!"
Grief added to the sum a score,
With twenty thousand tears beside.
Philosophy stept up with pride,
And offered for each cloudless night,
Twelve problems, which he—meant to write.

Poor Poetry approached the scene,
With threadbare coat, and pensive mein,
A brimful heart, and empty purse,
And bid two thousand feet of—verse!

Old *Time*, who took the wink from me,
Knock'd down the lot to Poetry,
Who would no article remove,
Till he had shared the whole with Love!

Another lot, of darker hue,
The salesman next held up to view,
Exclaiming, as he shook his glass—
"Here's goods of quite a different class;
A lot of *nights*, in cloudy weather,
Who bids—the whole must go together;
For fireworks and illuminations,
And various other 'demonstrations,'
This kind of goods is just the thing;
Who bids!—they'll go for what they'll bring."

A host of fiends approached the spot,
Each eager to secure the lot:
Sly crafty Fraud, mean Breach-of-trust,
Intemperance, Murder, Theft, and Lust,
And every imp of Heaven accurs'd.
Such rapid *bids* from crime and vice,
Secured the goods a heavy price;
And ere the buyers left the spot,
Thy all agreed to share the lot.

The crowd increased; the sage, perplext,
Put up a lot of *week-days* next;
Industry *bid*, but *Speculation*
Out-bid him without hesitation,

Until they run the lot so high,
That all the rest refused to buy;
The auctioneer to *dwell* was loth,
So knocked the package down to both.

The Sundays only now remained,
For which *fair bids* were soon obtained;
Pleasure and Indolence expected
To have the pleasant ones selected
For them alone, to take the best,
And leave Religion all the rest.
But TIME to this would not agree,
So knocked them down to Piety;
Exclaiming, " Going!—going!—gone!!!"
The clock struck twelve!---'twas New-year's morn!
Aroused by poor grimalkin's scream,
I woke, and found 'twas all a------dream.

But, Harriet, should my dream prove true,
And TIME have sold such *goods* to you,
May every bale, and lot, and piece,
Your *capital* of bliss increase,
While you deposit the avails
In Heaven, a *bank* that never fails.
And when the *great account*, at last,
Is *posted*, and correctly *cast*,
The *balance-sheet* will clearly prove,
That you've eternal *funds* above.
Till then, may pleasure crown you here,
For many a *New* and *Happy Year*.

REJECTED ADDRESS.

Intended for the opening of the New-York Theatre.

When simple nature first devised the plan,
And gave the chart of life to erring man,
With tearful eye, dejected Pity traced
His cheerless path across the sterile waste,
Nor found, amid the wilderness of woes
A single spot for shelter or repose.
There roved the form and image of her God,
Wild as the dreary trackless realms he trod;
Savage and rude, uncultured, unrefined,
By turns the prey and butcher of his kind.
She saw, and sighed, in agony of soul,
And prayed that Mercy would revise the scroll.

With magic pencil, dipt in hues of light,
ART touched the map, and all the scene was bright;
A thousand islets, crown'd with sylvan bowers,
The freshest verdure, and the sweetest flowers,
With gushing fountains, pure meandering rills,
Delightful valleys, and majestic hills,
Refresh'd with dews---by fragrant zephyrs fann'd,
Seem'd scatter'd o'er that shoreless sea of sand;
The goddess saw---dismiss'd her false alarms,
And own'd that life was not without its charms.

Among those charms, designed by polish'd *art*
To warm the fancy, and improve the heart,

The Drama opes its bright enchanting scenes,
Its *object* use---amusement but the *means;*
For though the muse resort to fiction's aid,
Fiction is here but truth in masquerade;
And thousands, who her *grave entreaties* shun,
Are, by her *borrowed smiles*, allured and won.

She shows what ills beset our devious way,
When reason yields to passion's lawless sway,
And what inspiring hopes his steps attend,
Who clings to Virtue as his guide and friend;
What glory crowns the hero and the sage,
Whose *present* labours bless a *future* age;
And what celestial ecstacies reward
Each act that conscience, truth, and Heav'n applaud.
Where'er is felt the drama's genial sway,
The mists of vice and ignorance melt away,
Refinement follows, and her empire grows
Till moral deserts blossom like the rose.

Thus has her power this growing city blest,
The pride, the boast, the mistress of the west;
Where genius, science, arts, and taste abound,
And every sweet embellishment is found;
And where the drama sees her cause extend,
Till virtue hails her as her warmest friend;
While bigot Prejudice, with scowl austere,
Views her new temple proudly towering here;
A fane, which we to-night, with rituals due,
Would consecrate to genius and to you.

Accept the offering---let this splendid pile,
Illumed by beauty's soul-inspiring smile,
Become the school of morals, wit, and taste,
By art embellished, and by fashion graced;
'Tis done, if you but deign to aid the cause,
Success is certain, blest with your applause.

REASON AND PASSION.

An extract from Beasts at Law.

The human mind's a tilting field,
Where two strong active spirits wield
The missive dart or pointed lance,
And parry, thrust, repeat, advance,
Or close, in obstinate affray,
Till one or t'other gains the day.
But still the fight is not decided,
Their powers and rights are so divided,
The desperate war is still renew'd,
For neither can be quite subdued;
But each is, in his turn, the master,
Like Pollux and his brother Castor,
These spirits (as we might suppose,
They being such eternal foes)
Are as unlike in form and feature,
As much opposed in looks and nature,
And as dissimilar in all,
As men and angels since the fall.

When charity expands the breast,
The first of virtues and the best;
When Love within the soul arises,
Which all the law of God comprises;
In short, when we're inclined to good,
And have some selfish wish subdued;
We may be sure the fiend has reel'd,
And that the angel holds the field.
But when we yield to passion's sway,
And hate or envy's rule obey;
It will as certainly be found,
The angel welters on the ground;
That we have turn'd the fate of war,
And placed Apollyon on the car.
For though we fight on neither side,
'Tis ours the victory to guide,
And by a vote we turn the scale,
For Vice and Virtue to prevail.
Too indolent, unless befriended,
To keep our heavy arm extended,
In careless ease we let it drop,
And Virtue falls with Vice atop.
In such a case, 'tis my opinion,
Rather than Vice should hold dominion,
We'd best confess our arm is weak,
And succour of Religion seek;
There we can find a potent charm,
Sufficient to support an arm
Of nature's smallest, weakest son,
Although that arm should weigh a ton.

But stay, I'll demonstrate my meaning:
When Victory once by turns was leaning
To different sides of hostile foes,
Now aiding these, now helping those;
Doubtful which way to turn the scale,
That this or that should most prevail;
The leader of the chosen band,
In Israel's favour raised his hand,
And quick as thought their foes retreat,
Nor dared the tide of fate to meet;
His hand withdrawn, the vanquish'd turn,
And with rekindled ardor burn,
While Israel's ranks confused and broke,
By thousands fell beneath the stroke.
In this dilemma, undismay'd,
He calls for holy Aaron's aid;
(A beauteous figure of that power,
Who still supports us every hour;)
The wearied arm the Priest sustain'd,
And Israel soon the field regain'd,
On their pursuers turned the flood,
And dyed the plain with heathen blood;
Thus gain'd the day and battle too,
And pay'd their vows where justly due.

That minstrel wakes the song in vain,
Who weaves no moral with his strain;
And he who flatters vice for pelf,
Deserves its penalty himself.

YALE COLLEGE.

Extract from a Poem entitled New-Haven.

Access is mine, the willing gates unfold,
And Yale's assembled sons mine eyes behold;
Our future statesmen, patriots, bards, divines,
For whom bright Fame the fadeless laurel twines,
Are here convened, and in each youthful face
Their rising greatness fancy fain would trace.
Say, are not here some souls that restless burn,
On life's great stage to take an active turn;
To rise, the awful pillars of the state,
And rival ancient Tully in debate?
Some who possess a portion of that flame
That gain'd our Washington immortal fame?
Others, whose philanthropic bosoms glow
To act like Franklin in relieving wo?
Whose philosophic souls his fame inspires
To wield the thunder and direct its fires;
To soar, on Fancy's wing, through trackless space,
View countless orbs and all their movements trace,
Govern'd by order and unchanging laws,
And in effects behold the eternal cause?
Some glowing with a Homer's living fire,
Design'd to "wake to ecstacy the lyre,"
To bid Columbia's future fame arise,
And rear Parnassus under western skies;
Here fix the temple of the tuneful throng,
And rival Albion's boasted sons of song?

Or are not here some destined yet to shine,
With cloudless lustre, in the desk divine;
To wake the soul, and guide its feeble view
To Him who made, and can its form renew;
Recal the wandering wretch, his course restrain,
And gently lead him to the fold again;
Arouse the careless, and support the weak,
And gospel truths with voice unfaltering speak?

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Hail! sons of Genius! youthful sages, hail!
The glory, pride, support, and boast of Yale;
Your country's ornaments aspire to prove,
And grace the spheres in which you're call'd to move;
So shall your *Alma Mater* rise in fame,
And deathless honours decorate her name.
And here the muse bewails her hapless bard,
Whose cruel fate such golden prospects marr'd,
For Hope once whisper'd to his ardent breast,
"Thy dearest, fondest wish shall be possess'd"—
Unfolded to his view the classic page,
And all its treasures promised ripening age;
Show'd Learning's flowery path which led to Fame,
Whose distant temple glittered with his name.
Illusive all!---the phantom all believe,
Though still we know her promises deceive;
Chill penury convinced the wretch too late,
Her words were false, and his a hapless fate.

AN ADDRESS,

Intended to have been spoken at the Park Theatre, for the Benefit of the Widow and Orphans of

HOPKINS ROBERTSON.

Patrons of worth—whose presence oft has graced
The mental banquet here prepared for taste;
But whose compassion led you here to-night,
To make affliction's burthen sit more light—
Deign to accept—'tis virtue's sweetest food,
The widow's thanks—the orphan's gratitude.

No visage, wet with artificial tears,
No bosom, shook with counterfeited fears—
No feign'd affliction—no fictitious grief,
Now claim, from sympathizing hearts, relief.
The tears, now shed, from real fountains spring,—
The purest tribute gratitude can bring;
The sighs now breathed, to Mercy's footstool bear,
For you—and you—the widow's grateful prayer,
The sweetest incense that to heaven ascends,
To call down blessings on the orphan's friends.
And the reward is yours—for sure, to-night,
The happiest dreams will on your slumbers light:
Fancy will paint a family of grief
Receiving, from your generous hands, relief;
And smiles shall greet you, from the humid eye
Which *your* benevolence alone could dry.

But yet—so well I know each generous heart,—
You think this but a *debt*, discharged in part—
A payment, to the offspring and the wife
Of one who served you faithfully thro' life;
Whose talents, labours, time—were all combined
To please the fancy and improve the mind.

Whether as monarch of these mimic realms,
Or peasant, 'mid our canvas oaks and elms,—
The hoary veteran, or the beardless lad—
The lover happy—or, the tyrant mad!—
In every character—or gay or grave—
You can attest the pleasure that *he* gave.
On life's great stage, he also play'd his part,
Cheered by the plaudits of an honest heart;
As husband, father, friend—his business ran—
The citizen—the patriot—the man!
In all, he acted well—yet, 'tis confess'd,
One scene eclipsed in splendour all the rest:
When hapless Richmond, on one funeral pyre,
Saw beauty, talents, worth, and wealth, expire—
When death abrupt on pleasure's precincts broke,
And held his carnival 'mid flames and smoke;
When shrieks of madness and despair, combined
To freeze the blood, and agonize the mind—
He stood undaunted, 'mid the unequal strife,
Encountering death, to save another's life!
Tho' blazing ruin revels o'er his head,
Pouring a tempest on the quick and dead—

Tho' thousand forked tongues of flame demand
Their rescued victims from his daring hand—
He still remains, the dreadful scene to brave,
Till hope expires, and fate forbids to save!
This to his fame the brightest ray has given,
And called down blessings from approving heaven.

But ah! the worth which you have all admired,
With humbler virtues—tenderer, more retired—
Could not avail from early death to save
Him who had rescued other's from the grave.
His part is o'er—the manly form, which trod
These boards so oft, now sleeps beneath the sod;
But the immortal mind, which never dies,
To scenes more bright and permanent must rise;
There enter on eternity's vast stage,
And act an angel's part, an endless age.

Your generous bounty cannot reach him there—
But ah! he's left dear pledges to your care,
Whose fate may e'en affect his bliss in heaven,
As your protection is withheld or given.
O then continue—as you do to-night,
"To make affliction's burthen sit more light;"
Protect the hapless orphan—shield the form
Of widowed love, from misery's "pitiless storm;"
So will you hear angelic lips applaud,
And find the act itself a rich reward!

EPILOGUE,

To the Native Drama of "Narrah Mattah."
Spoken by Mrs. Sharpe, in the character of Narrah Mattah.

The curtain's down—and while they're all behind
Doffing their pilgrim dresses—I've a mind
At the gay modern world to have one peep,
And just say "how d'ye do?" before I sleep.
(*Looks round the boxes.*)
But how is this?—am I to understand
That these are the descendants of that band
Of pious plain-clad pilgrims, who came o'er
To seek for freedom on this western shore?
Why—where's the plain mob cap? the russet gown?
The puritanic coat? the close-cropt crown?
Where's all that neat simplicity of dress
Which marked the puritans? Egad! I guess
I wan't alone—more of them must have wed
With native chiefs, and mingled white and red;
Else why this taste for feathers, beads, and shells,
In their descendants? Why do modern belles
Paint their sweet faces, and from either ear
Suspend those sparkling trinkets? And then here,
(*touching her own arm.*)

So modestly to bury half their charms,
In those huge silken bags that hide their arms.
O there's red blood in some of your blue veins,
And so there is in yours, ye dapper swains,
Or what's the meaning of those dandy chains
Extending from your bosoms to your pockets?
I wonder if you modern beaux wear lockets!
Nay, hope not to escape me—you will fail, (*laughing*,
These treacherous square-toes, I shall know your trail.

(*Looks at the second tier.*)

I see you there, but I won't tell your name,
He with the whiskers—yes—that's he—the same;
A mighty chief of some great tribe, no doubt,
You need not tell me—I shall make it out:
Yes, yes—I see—it plainly now appears,
Those artificial whiskers hide long ears!

But he with that blue blanket on one shoulder,
And feathered lip, must be a chief still bolder;
Perhaps a sachem, sagamore, or scribe,
O, I perceive, he's of the cockney tribe.

(*Looks at the third tier.*)

But what is that thing?—yonder—up above?
He with the eye-glass? There! he's dropt his glove;
What tribe claims him—or it—that taper shape?
I've strong suspicions it must be the ape!

You needn't smile, here, in the pit, below,
For I've a word with you before I go.
Yes, do smile! In mercy don't look grave,
For 'tis your tribe must either damn or save
The little bantling just gone off the stage.
Forget its faults, but not its tender age.
What if it be a little rude and wild,
Remember that a parent loves his child:
And I'll be sworn he's somewhere here to-night,
With feelings none can know but they who write.
So be good-natured, now, ye critic tribe;
Nay, do not frown—can I not name some bribe?
Yes, here it goes—don't let the new play fall,
And Narrah Mattah vows to kiss you all.

[*Great applause.*

'Tis safe!—'tis safe!—your generous hands decide it
There—take a kiss among you, and divide it.

[*Kisses her hand, and exit.*

EPITAPH,

On a charming and much lamented Female.

This humble stone is meant to show
That Anna's vesture lies *below;*
But she who wore it—she we love,
Is in her bridal dress *above.*

Rob.Smirke Del. Wm D.Smith sc.

THE SUPPLIANT.

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THE ORPHAN MAID.

Air—Bonnie Doon.

How hard the maiden orphan's fate,
Whose early joys and hopes are fled,
Who vainly asks the rich and great
For leave to *earn* her daily bread!
Exposed to frowns, rebukes, and sneers,
In humble menial garb arrayed,
While heartless fools deride her tears,
And spurn the hapless orphan maid.

There was a time——alas! 'tis fled—
When fortune, friends, and kindred smiled,
When sunny rays of joy were shed
Around the gay and happy child;
When, shielded by parental care,
No pang of sorrow dared invade,
Save when she saw the meek despair
Of some poor hapless orphan maid.

But ah! her parents died, and left
Their darling unprotected child,
Of fortune, friends, and joy bereft,
And then the maiden never smiled.
She only asked to *toil* for bread,
She sought no unrequited aid—
But asked in vain!—till hope was fled,
And death relieved the orphan maid!

EPILOGUE,

TO COX'S MUCH-ADMIRED OPERA OF "ROKEBY."

SPOKEN BY BARNES, PLACIDE, AND HILSON.

Enter Barnes, in character of a Physician.

Barnes. O, spare your hands—'tis useless, all this blarney,
The play can't live, without a word from Barney:
'Tis like a patient—quacks to death may steam him,
And he is damned, if science don't redeem him.
Grappling with fate, 'tis I alone can part 'em—
Barney will save the piece, *secundem artem.*

Go on—that's right—your smiles are what I'm after—
The best prescription is a roar of laughter;
One hearty laugh, no matter how excited,
May save a life when every hope is blighted.

'Tis true, Placide has got an epilogue,
But 'taint the thing—it don't "*go the whole hog;*"
So, while he's back there, spelling out each line,
I'll give you an *extrumpery* of mine;
Original throughout—no one has read it—
So, if you have a tear, prepare to shed it.

"A certain fair one—once, in days of yore—
Caught a bad quinsy, and her throat was sore;
She could not speak, nor swallow, chew, nor sup,
She scarcely breathed—the doctors gave her up!
Her weeping friends, in silence, breathed their sighs,
And stood prepared to close her fading eyes!
'Twas at this awful crisis, mid the gloom,
Her favourite monkey stole into the room;

With doctor's formal air approach'd the bed,
Seized hold her wrist, then gravely shook his head!
The droll manœuvre call'd a smile from death,
And one convulsive laugh restored her breath;
Broke her disorder, let the fair escape,
Who owed her cure alone to Dr. Ape."
D'ye take?—or must I give your wits a jog?
Stay—here comes Harry, with his epilogue.

Enter Placide, who comes forward and speaks:

P. "In ancient times, when plighted vows were broken"—
Barnes.....You're too late, Hal—the epilogue is spoken.
Placide.....Spoken! By whom?
Barnes.....By me.
Placide.....By you!
Barnes.....'Tis certain.
Placide....Why 'taint a minute since they dropt the curtain,
And my address a good half hour employs.
Barnes.....I've done the deed—didst thou not hear a noise?
If *you* attempt, you'll find yourself mistaken;
I made them laugh—that saved the author's bacon.
Placide.....And who bade *you* display your monkey capers?
The sun requires no aid from farthing tapers—
I saved the piece, sir.
Barnes.....You!
Placide.....My humble talents
Secured the thing's success, and turn'd the balance;
Or, as Prince Rupert says—"*alone I did it!*"
It's true, I pledge my honour!

Enter Hilson, speaking:

Hilson.....Heaven forbid it!
To put so mere a trifle "*up the spout!*"
Placide.—Hilson, be quiet! I know what I'm about.

Hilson—That tone, my boy, smacks sharply of the acid.
Barnes.—Placide by name, but not exactly *placid.*
You're somewhat wroth.
Placide.....I am—and shall be wrother—
I'll speak my speech!
Hilson.————Not if you love the author.
Since I have saved his opera, 'twere wrong
To jeopardize it with a speech so long.
Placide.....*You* saved the opera!
Barnes..... *You* saved it!
Both.....You!
Hilson.....Yes, I myself alone—you know it's true;
I hit it on the head—and, lest it fail,
Here's a *short* epilogue, to clinch the nail:

Addressing the Audience.

"When erst the muses, on Parnassus' top,
In mazy dances———"
Barnes.....Prithee, Tommy, stop;
Throw poetry and physic to the dogs,
Nor *bore* our friends, here, with dull epilogues.
Hilson.....Agreed, old Barney!—and, to end disputes,
The readiest way to harmonize our flutes
Is to admit—so be it understood,
To please our friends we've all done *what we could.*
If we have failed———
Placide.....Why, then———
Barnes.....What then, Placide?
Placide.....They'll take a good intention for the deed.
Hilson.....I'll answer for't—I know these gen'rous folks,
They're always laughing at us, or our jokes.
But what of our young author?—Jests nor wit
Won't add a penny to his benefit.
Placide.....His benefit is safe.

Barnes.....What then of Rokeby?
Hilson.....Should that be damn'd it would a serious joke be.
But see!—there's mercy in each judge's eye—
The bard's acquitted!—Rokeby shall not die!
Placide.....Egad! their plaudits make old Drury shake!
Hilson.....It's just the thing!
Barnes.....I say—"*there's no mistake!*"

AN EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED TO MY FRIEND G. P. MORRIS, ESQ.

The muse and myself, the other day,
Held a short colloquy together;
For she sometimes calls, when she comes that way,
Though scarcely a moment she deigns to stay,
And seldom has any thing to say,
Save, "how d'ye do—what news to-day!
'Tis really charming weather."

She found me alone, in my elbow chair—
One arm has long been broken—
In the attic, George—you well know where,
For once, last summer, I saw you there,
When you kindly offered to pay my fair,
If I'd brush my coat, and with you repair
To breathe a mouthful of country air,
On the heights of green Hoboken.

As I said before, her ladyship came,
En dishabille, as usual,
In *costume* resembling the slipshod dame

Whose *Black-book* sketches are known to fame
Her robe was *blue*, and her *hose* the same,
Her sandals unlaced, and her gait was lame,
As she entered the room, and pronounced my name
In a manner and tone fiducial.

"Good day t'ye, Reuben—don't ask me to stay,
For I must hasten home to my toilet;
As I go out with NORNA a-shopping to-day,
And HINDA goes with us—besides, I must pay
A visit to THIRZA—it's all in our way,
And then to IANTHE I've something to say;
Besides, I *must* call upon WETMORE and FAY,
And then there would be the Old Nick to pay,
If I didn't look in upon MORRIS too—eigh!
But now, while I think of it—Reuben, do say,
Who is that comical C** ?—I will lay
He is building a fame that will never decay;
And so is my favourite PROTEUS—nay,
No jealousy, Reuben, but win your own bay,
And never let envy soil it.

"Hush! don't interrupt me—there's tender ESTELLE,
EVERARD, LARA, and ALPHA, and INMAN,
ISIDORA, or HARRIET—with sweet ISABELLE,
And hundreds of others, are like to excel,
If they treat *me* politely.—But, Reuben, do tell,
If I don't appear charming in this *dishabille?*
"Say, why the deuce do you grin, man?"

"You look," I replied, "both ugly and old,
In these rascally dishabille dresses;
Why, when you are visiting others, I'm told,
The finest light gossamer vestures infold

That form and those limbs of such exquisite mould,
With sandals that sparkle with spangles and gold,
While a chaplet of roses and diamonds untold,
Confine those wandering tresses.

"When others petition, you make reply,
In numbers of sweetest measure,
But to *me* you prate, like a chattering pie,
Of shopping, and visits, and a few small fry
Of Mirror contributors—while here, poor I
In silence must wait your leisure!

"Why not on *me* such favours bestow
As your other votaries win?
Why prattle to *me* on subjects so low,
In a tuneless, senseless din?"
"Why then you must know,"
She said with a smile,
"That, when here below,
I adapt my style
To the company I am in.

"But, jesting apart, what is it you claim?
I'll grant you the boon, I swear it:
That is, if I'm able—come, give it a name."
"Then fire me, at once," I replied, "with the flame
That animates HALLECK, and lights him to fame;
To a like dazzling summit direct my aim,
Procure for my numbers an equal acclaim;
Secure me a chaplet as bright—not the same,
And teach me as humbly to wear it."

She smiling replied, while her head she shook,
"In vain should I bid you take it;

For Apollo, when late, with a shepherd's crook,
He toy'd with a maid, by a gurgling brook,
Had concealed his lyre in a private nook,
Which HALLECK observed, and slyly took,
And none but HALLECK can wake it."

THE FIREMAN,

An Occasional Address, spoken by Mrs. Duff, at the Bowery Theatre—Firemen's Benefit, January 24, 1827.

Hoarse wintry blasts a solemn requiem sung
To the departed day—upon whose bier
The velvet pall of midnight had been flung,
And nature mourn'd through one wide hemisphere.
Silence and darkness held their cheerless sway,
Save in the haunts of riotous excess;
And half the world in dreamy slumbers lay,
Lost in the maze of sweet forgetfulness.

When lo! upon the startled ear
There broke a sound, so dread and drear,
As, like a sudden peal of thunder,
Burst the bands of sleep asunder,
And filled a thousand throbbing hearts with fear.
Hark! the faithful watchman's cry
Speaks a *conflagration* nigh!
See! yon glow upon the sky
Confirms the fearful tale!
The deep-mouth'd bells, with rapid tone,
Combine to make the tidings known;
Affrighted silence now has flown,
And sounds of terror freight the chilly gale!

At the first note of this discordant din,
The gallant FIREMAN from his slumber starts,
Reckless of *toil* or *danger*, if he win
The tributary meed of grateful hearts.
From pavement rough, or frozen ground,
His engine's rattling wheels resound,
And soon, before his eyes,
The lurid flames, with horrid glare,
Mingled with murky vapour, rise
In wreathy folds, upon the air,
And veil the frowning skies!

Sudden, a shriek assails his heart!
A female shriek! so piercing wild
As makes his very life-blood start—
"My child!—Almighty God!—My child!"

He hears—and 'gainst the tottering wall
The ponderous ladder rears,
While blazing fragments round him fall,
And crackling sounds assail his ears!
His sinewy arm, with one rude crash,
Hurls to the earth the opposing sash,
And, heedless of the startling din,
Tho' smoky volumes round him roll,
The mother's shriek has pierced his soul!
See!—See!—He plunges in!

The admiring crowd, with hopes and fears,
In breathless expectation stand!
When lo! the daring youth appears,
Hailed by a burst of warm, extatic cheers,
Bearing the child, triumphant, in his hand!

TO CAPT. J. B. AND LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR THIRD AND LAST REMAINING CHILD.

"Insatiate archer! could not one suffice!
Thy shaft flew THRICE, *and thrice my peace was slain!"*
YOUNG.

Weep on, bereaved ones—there's no sin in tears,
When nature's tenderest ties by death are broken,
For HE who pities while he chastens, hears
The sigh of sorrow, as submission's token;
And HE remembers, too, when Lazarus slept,
His own divine compassion—"Jesus wept!"

Weep on—but mourn not with a hopeless sorrow,
Raise your moist eyes to scenes beyond the grave,
And own that HE, from whom each bliss we borrow,
Takes back in mercy, what his mercy gave:
He takes them home—'tis love's, not fate's, decree,
That where our treasures are, our hearts may be.

Weep on, bereaved ones—'twas for this your God
Severed the ties that kept your hearts below;
Thwart not his purpose, but revere the rod,
And meekly kiss the hand that gave the blow:
The keenest pangs are all in mercy given—
Humility's the only path to heaven.

Weep on—but waste not one delicious tear
On the cold surface of their earthy bed;
Your babes are risen—nought but dust is here,
Why seek the living, then, among the dead?
Their souls have risen, from the mouldering tomb,
To scenes of bliss, where joys eternal bloom.

Weep on—but, like a sunbeam in a shower,
Let this bright truth—a ray of light from heaven,
Shine through the gloom of sorrow's darkest hour,
The smile of peace—the hope of sins forgiven:
The sweet assurance, that the ties of love,
Can ne'er be severed in the realms above.

TO MARY ANN.

Dear Mary Ann, the sparkling gems,
Which deck the brow of even,
Are rayless, to the diadems
And jewels on the garment hems
Of sainted maids in heaven.

The fleecy snow, so pure and white,
By winds of winter driven,
Is darker than the shades of night,
To those celestial robes of light
Which clothe the nymphs of heaven.

No banquet e'er by mortal spread,
No feast by monarch given,
Can match the living wine and bread,
With which the virgin train are fed,
Who crowd the courts of heaven.

The crown, the robe, the feast be thine;
To all who ask, they're given;
The jewels, gems, the bread and wine,
Will fill thee with that flame divine,
Which lights the maids of heaven.

Thine be the pearl of nameless worth,
By Christ alone 'tis given—
And though we never meet on earth,
If we obtain the *second birth*,
Thou'lt kiss the bard in heaven.

THE BOOK OF THE HEART.

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Thy MIND is an ALBUM, unsullied and bright,
Just opened—for angels and spirits to write
Each thought and affection, intent and desire,
That wisdom may sanction—that love may inspire.

The book is immortal—O guard it with care,
Lest *demons* should sully its pages so fair;
Repulse such intruders, nor shrink from the strife,
And Jesus will smile on the "*Book of thy life.*"

EPITAPH.

O that the icy touch of death should blight,
Just in the bloom of youth, a form so bright;
When smiling hope illumed a cultured mind,
Rich in endowments of the fairest kind!
By all respected, by the good approved,
By kindred hearts, how tenderly beloved!
Yet, cease to mourn—for virtue cannot die—
The youth still lives in realms beyond the sky.

APOLOGUE.

My little girl, the other day,
(Three years of age a month ago,)
Wounded her finger while at play,
And saw the crimson fluid flow.
With pleading optics, raining tears,
She sought my aid, in terror wild;
I smiling said—"dismiss your fears,
And all shall soon be well, my child."
Her little bosom ceased to swell,
While she replied with calmer brow,
"I know that you can make it well,
"But how, papa?—I don't see how."

Our children oft instruct us thus;
For succour, or for recompense,
They look with confidence to us,
As we should look to Providence.
For each infantile doubt and fear,
And every little childish grief,
Is uttered to a parent's ear,
With full assurance of relief.
A grateful sense of favours past,
Incites them to petition now,
With faith in succour to the last,
Although they can't imagine how.

And shall I doubtingly repine,
When clouds of dark affliction lower?
A tenderer Father still is mine,
Of greater mercy, love, and power:
He clothes the lily, feeds the dove,
The meanest insect feels his care;

And shall not man confess his love,
Man, his own offspring, and his heir?
Yes, though he slay, I'll trust him still,
And still with resignation bow;
He may relieve, he can, he will--
Although I cannot yet see how.

FOR VIOLA'S ALBUM.

Yes, I would add one humble leaf,
To the bright chaplet thou art twining,
But ah! its verdure will be brief,
For time is such an errant thief,
He blights the sweetest buds with grief,
And leaves the fairest flower declining.

But there 's a wreath, that ne'er can fade,
Already for thy temples twined,
Such as in heaven the angels braid,
To deck the brows of every maid,
Who, like Viola, here displayed
The beauties of a cultured mind.

That wreath shall deck Viola's brow,
In realms unknown to time or grief,
And each young plant she cultures now,
Each infant mind her toils endow,
Will breathe to heaven a fragrant vow,
Brightning the tints of every leaf.

MASONIC ODE.

Intended for the opening of the grand Gothic Saloon, in the new Masonic Hall.

When the great *Architect* of heaven and earth,
Spoke this magnific system into birth,
And bade its numerous orbs in order roll,
To perfect wide creation's wondrous plan,
He breathed his own pure spirit into man,
And man became a living soul;
Lord of the fair elysian fields he trod,
An image and a likeness of his God;
Designed, by wisdom infinite, to be
A living *temple* of the Deity;
An earthly palace, where would deign to dwell
A guest divine, of name ineffable!

But, love of self, a wily *serpent*, stole
Into the sacred precincts of the soul,
And tempted man to taste and eat
The specious, fair, forbidden fruit of pride,
Which heavenly love in mercy had denied;
By which offence,
He lost the Eden of his innocence,
And fled, an exile, from the blissful seat.
The hallowed mental *temple* thus became
A mass of shapeless ruins, where
Eternal Truth no more inscribed His name,
A den of thieves, and not a house of prayer.

'Twas to *rebuild* this miniature of heaven,
This *temple* of Jehovah in the mind,
That the eternal *three-fold* WORD was given,
And our symbolic mystic ART design'd.

For this, confiding Faith, and smiling Hope,
With sweet celestial Charity, appear'd;
Wisdom, and Strength, and Beauty, join'd the group,
And each a *column* of the fabric rear'd;
Surmounted by the *royal-arch* above,
Join'd by the *key-stone* of celestial love.
The *work* completed, on this heavenly plan,
His *tabernacle* is again with man.

As an auxiliar in this glorious cause,
Our *fellow-craft* have reared this gothc pile,
Sacred to pure Benevolence, whose laws
Of mutual kindness light a blissful smile
In sorrow's dewy eye.
This splendid dome
Shall never echo an unheeded sigh,
For Charity, descending from the sky,
Claims the proud fabric as her future home,
Her earthly temple, where her blazing shrine
Glows with a light that never shall decline,
Till thousands yet unborn, admiring see
And own the peerless worth of MASONRY.

EPITAPH.

He is not here, but risen—wherefore shed
Affliction's tear, or seek among the dead
For one that lives, and claims immortal youth,
With all the bliss that flows from love and truth?
Grieve not for dust—nor let one sigh alloy
A new-made angel's ecstasy of joy.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Could any charm have broke the spell,
That long has chained my humble lyre,
Thy smile had waked the silent shell,
And taught its sweetest notes to swell
With pure poetic fire.

But, oh! its cords are sleeping still,
And e'en thy charms must plead in vain;
This heart has lost its wonted thrill,
Intruding cares its fervours chill,
And check its votive strain.

TO ELIZA.

And wilt thou think of him who traced
This tributary lay,
Or will his image be effaced,
As foot-prints in the dew are chased
By the next solar ray?
Can memory's light become so dim,
That thou wilt not remember him?

I will not libel thus a heart,
Where every grace resides,
Where modest nature, void of art,
Directed still by virtue's chart,
In peerless state presides:
She shall thy silent prompter be,
Sometimes, dear girl, to think of me.

TO BELINDA.

O those eyes! but that right eye in particular!
BILLY LACKADAY.

Those auburn traces sweetly play,
Around that pearly neck so fair,
And sweetly does that brow display
The clustering ringlets slumbering there.
Not sea-born Venus, famed of old,
With streaming locks, like threads of gold,
Sparkling with ocean's liquid brightness,
Could boast of graces so divine,
As those bewitching locks of thine,
Which shade thy forehead's sunny whiteness.

The softest shade of Tyrian dye,
Could never with that cheek compare;
Nor will the bright carnation vie
In colour, with thy lip, my fair.
What though Cashmere's delightful vale,
With balmy odour freights the gale
At every fragrant feast of roses,
Its charms are here—why farther seek?
Its tints are blooming on thy cheek,
Its fragrance on thy lip reposes.

That lip, so like the bow of love,
In graceful curvature and hue,
And there 's a dimple just above,
A quiver for his arrows, too,
That sacred shrine of nameless charms,
That faultless shape, those graceful arms,

That peerless elegance of motion;
With richer beauties of the mind,
All—all, in one dear form combined,
May well inspire this heart's devotion.

But oh, that *eye*, that beaming eye,
Mild as the softest star of even,
Clear as the azure of the sky,
Bright as the vesper lamp of heaven!
Whence was that orb of beauty stole,
Whose matchless lustre, in my soul
Has lit a flame no power can smother?
"Which?" asked the fair—"I'm clear of theft—
These sixteen years I've own'd the left,
And pa paid Scudder for the other."

DUETT.

Air—"*When poor, the spirits flag.*"

She.—When grief the heart benumbs,
How the pulses languish!
He.—Hope, like a cherub, comes,
Then we lose the anguish.
She.—Here, late, were clouds of gloom,
All the scene surrounding;
He.—Now all is dressed in bloom,
Hearts are gaily bounding.
Both—Still, then, in pleasure's bower,
Let us rove delighted;
Joy is a transient flower,
Taste it ere 'tis blighted.

SHE.—Should dark despair return
On the coming morrow,
HE.—Love's torch will brighter burn
'Mid the gloom of sorrow.
SHE.—Love may himself decamp,
In the hour of sadness;
HE.—Then feed the urchin's lamp
With the oil of gladness.
BOTH.—Thus, here, in pleasure's bower,
Let us rove delighted;
Joy is a transient flower,
Taste it, ere 'tis blighted.

COME, LET US TRIP IT LIGHTLY.

Come, let us trip it lightly, love,
Where Flora's sweets are blending;
The moon is beaming brightly, love,
With starry lamps attending.
The grove and hill, the mead and rill,
Have charms that must delight thee,
Then let us haste their sweets to taste,
While zephyr's sighs invite thee.
An hour like this imparts a bliss
To souls of kindred feeling,
A pure delight, serenely bright,
Along the pulses stealing.

The evening star is peeping, love,
From yonder paler cluster,
The glassy lake is sleeping, love,
Enriched with borrowed lustre.

The babbling brook, with brighter look,
Meanders through the dingle;
And chirping notes from insect throats,
In tuneless measures mingle.
An hour like this, which wakes to bliss,
The hearts of meaner creatures,
Must surely light a smile as bright
On love's expressive features.

THE SILENT CONFESSION.

To a lady, who asked the author if he could interpret a blush that he had noted.

O yes, 'twas a fervour of feeling,
That gush'd like a stream from the heart,
And flew thro' the pulses, revealing
What language could never impart.
It gave to that frame an emotion,
Which sweetly the feeling confess'd;
A zephyr might breathe on the ocean,
And wake such a swell on its breast.

The glow of thy visage express'd it,
'Twas borne to my heart in a sigh;
An eloquent silence confess'd it,
It spoke in the glance of thine eye.
In short, 'twas the *soul* of my treasure,
Aroused in alarm from its sleep,
That flew to those windows of azure,
And lifted their curtains to peep.

TO IANTHE.

Ianthe, could I touch the lyre,
With magic art like thine,
I'd wake the spirit-breathing wire
To thoughts of light and tones of fire,
Like those which, breathed by thee, inspire
This raptured heart of mine.
And I would still the lay prolong,
And oft the strain repeat,
To tell how much I love thy song,
Its numbers are so sweet.

I've marked thee—ere a dozen springs
Had bloomed upon thy cheek,
When, buoyant on her glittering wings,
Thy infant fancy warbled things
Such delicate imaginings,
As poesy can speak.
'Twas genius, uncontrolled by art,
And reckless of defeat,
I heard the lay, it touched my heart,
'Twas wild and simply sweet.

I marked the next, with cultured mind,
In all the charms of youth,
And knew thy lovely form enshrined
A heart which every grace combined,
By native taste and art refined,
The pure abode of truth.
Then, when I listened to thy lay,
Each pulse with rapture beat,
It seemed to bear the soul away,
'Twas exquisitely sweet.

Another heard—the one alone
Whose worth inspired the strain;
Whose manly heart is honour's throne,
Who breathed a sigh for every tone,
And made his modest wishes known,
Nor did he plead in vain.
And when a wife—I heard thee still
The matchless strain repeat;
How must his heart with transport thrill!—
'Twas ravishingly sweet.

And is there yet a tenderer tie
To twine Ianthe's heart?
Can warmer feelings light her eye,
And bid her pulses quicker fly?
Can any other's smile or sigh
Such ecstasies impart?
There can—an *infant's* smiles inspire
A strain with joy replete;
A mother's love attunes the lyre—
'Tis now divinely sweet!

COLUMBIA, THE PRIDE OF THE WORLD.

O there is a region, a realm in the west,
To tyranny's shackles unknown,
A country with union and liberty blest,
That fairest of lands is our own.
Where commerce has opened her richest of marts,
Where freedom's bright flag is unfurled,
The garden of science, the seat of the arts,
Columbia, the pride of the world.

The rays of her glory have lighted the earth,
While tyranny's minions, dismayed,
Acknowledged her prowess, admitted her worth,
And shrunk at the flash of her blade.
For conquest or plunder she never contends,
For freedom, her flag is unfurled;
And foemen in battle, in peace are thy friends,
Columbia, the pride of the world.

Her clime is a refuge for all the oppress'd,
Whom tyranny urges to roam;
And every exile we greet as a guest,
Soon feels like a brother at home.
Then hail to our country, the land of our birth,
Where freedom's bright flag is unfurled;
The rays of whose glory have lighted the earth,
Columbia, the pride of the world.

TO A.

When that soft beaming eye reviews
This grateful tribute of the Muse,
Those coral lips must not refuse
One little word to frame.
And be the little word they choose,
The Poet's name.

O breathe but that, in one soft sigh,
Whene'er these couplets meet thine eye,
And Zephyr, as he flutters by,
Shall bear the sigh to me,
And whisper in thine *ear*, that I
Remember thee.

PRINTERS' ODE.

For the Fourth of July, 1827.

Sons of Faust, to whom belong
Hearts and arms for freedom strong,
Festive rites, and patriot song,
Join in revelry.
Raise the tributary lay,
'Tis Columbia's natal day,
Let each heart be light and gay,
Heirs of liberty!

Banish hence each petty feud,
Let no selfish care intrude.
'Tis the hour for gratitude,
Social mirth and glee;
While the sparkling rubies swim,
Round each mantling goblet's brim,
Quaff them ere their light be dim,
Drink to liberty.

Think what cause for joy is ours,
In this land of fruits and flowers,
Splendid towns, and shady bowers,
Blest with liberty;
Freed from sceptre, crown, and throne,
Independence is our own,
Never, but to Heaven alone,
Will we bend the knee.

Peace and plenty, through the land,
Scatter joys on every hand,
Bidding grateful hearts expand,
On our jubilee;

Hark! the cannon's martial roar,
Loud proclaims from shore to shore,
That Columbia's sons adore
Heaven-born liberty!

We who boast the matchless art
Which can light and truth impart,
Let us all, with hand and heart,
Keep the jubilee;
'Tis our ART, and that alone,
Makes the worth of freedom known,
While admiring millions own,
That has made them free.

What inspired our sires to brave
Ocean's rough tempestuous wave,
Seeking freedom, or a grave,
Death, or liberty?
'Twas the PRESS, a beacon-light,
Beaming on their mental sight,
Led them through that gloomy night,
O'er the stormy sea.

This sustained them in the field,
This compelled the foe to yield,
This is freedom's sword and shield,
This proclaims us free.
Let us, then, our joy express,
For the blessings we possess,
While a free unshackled PRESS
Guards our liberty.

THE FEMALE INVINCIBLES.

Written for Miss Rock.

MUSIC BY THE LATE CHARLES GILFERT, ESQ.

When Love's *reveillée* summons matron and maid,
Julia-Ann is the first to appear on *parade;*
Ever ready at *roll-call*, with weapon in hand,
To *advance, wheel*, and *halt*, at the *word of command.*
With a *passing salute*, as we *march in review*,
To the *rub-a-dub-dub* and the *rat-tat-too!*

SPOKEN,—Attention, company!—Right, dress!—Support arms!—By platoons, right wheel!—Forward, guide left, march!

With a *passing salute* as we *march in review*,
To the *rub-a-dub-dub* and the *rat-tat-too!*

For *conquest* prepared, yet determined to *yield*,
Fair Therese and Sophia are the next in the *field;*
Where they gaily *manœuvre* their bright polished charms,
Waiting Hymen's *command* for *presenting their arms.*
With a *passing salute* as we *march in review.*
To the *rub-a-dub-dub* and the *rat-tat-too!*

SPOKEN.—Halt!—Ready!—Aim!—As you were!—By the right flank, file left—march!

With a *passing salute* as we *march in review*,
To the *rub-a-dub-dub* and the *rat-tat-too!*

Well *armed* and *equipped* for a *trial of skill*,
Fair Eliza and Jane next appear at the *drill;*
Though reckless of danger, they'll face any man,
Yet their *fire* often proves but a *flash in the pan.*

With a *passing salute* as we *march in review*,
To the *rub-a-dub-dub* and the *rat-tat-too !*

SPOKEN.--On right, file into line!--Rear rank, open order, march!--Present arms!--Carry arms!--Close order! Right face, march!--Recover arms!

With a *passing salute* as we *march in review*,
With the *rub-a-dub-dub* and the *rat-tat-too !*

A SONNET ON SONNETS.

When memory takes a retrospective gaze
  Upon the bright effusions of my brain,
  She cannot find--I note the fact with pain--
Mid all that heterogeneous mass of lays,
  A single SONNET! This might blight a fame
Greater--if greater can be--than the one
Which now rewards the muses' favourite son--
  I mean myself--and gilds his deathless name.
This must not be, and so I'll write one now.
  Let's see; it must comprise just fourteen lines,
  Dull, flat, and heavy; this at least combines
The requisites alluded to, I trow;
  Two more complete it; now the bard entwines
The *ne plus ultra* garland round his laurelled brow!

THE END.

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